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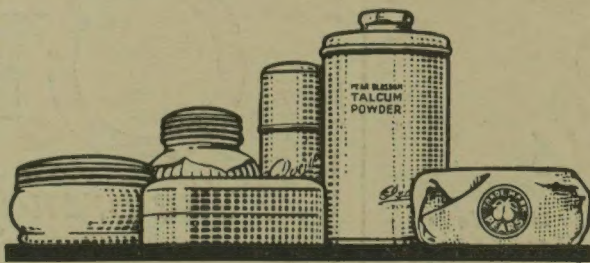




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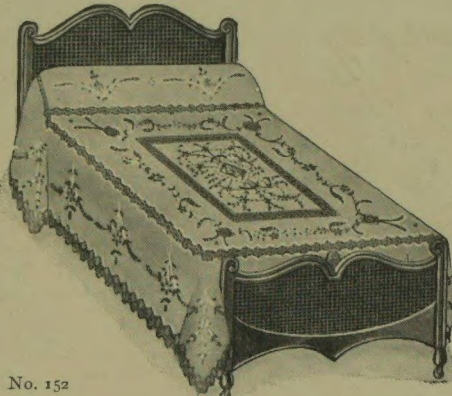
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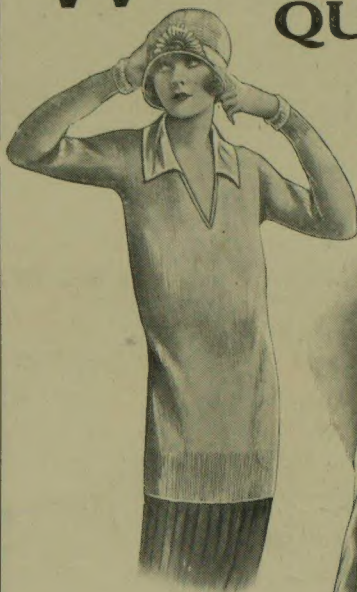
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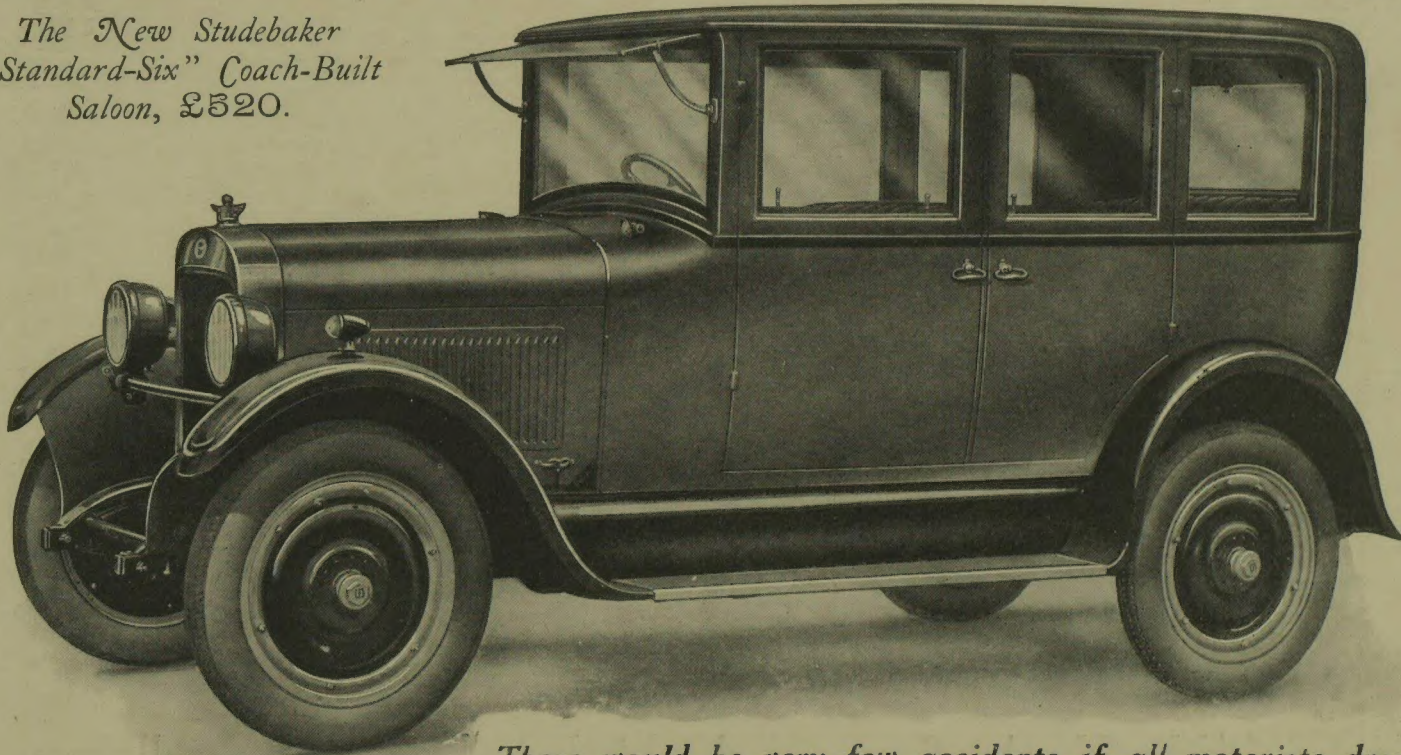
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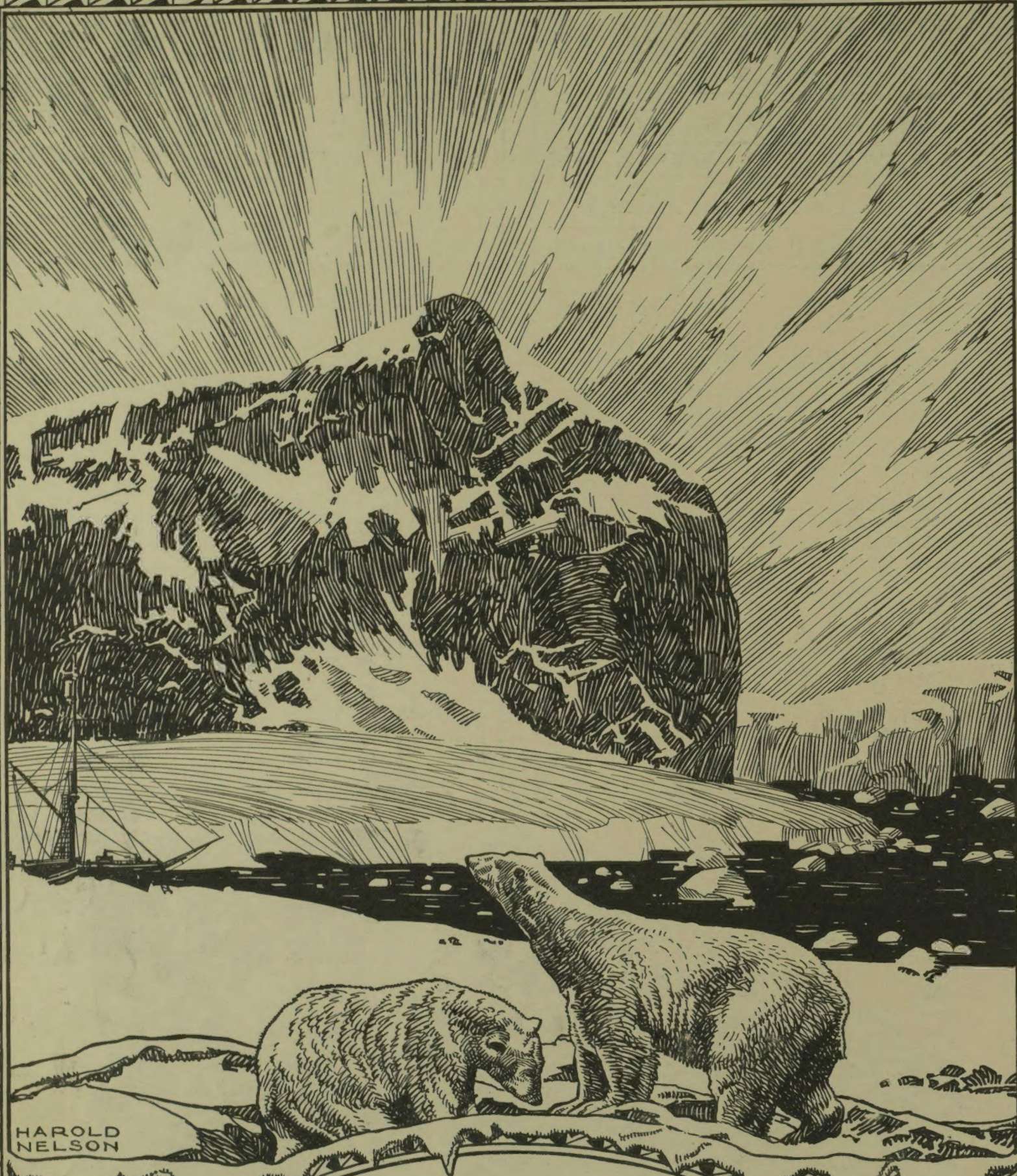
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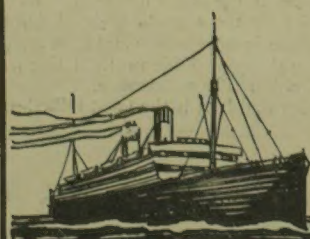


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# DEWAR'S





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1925.

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PRECEDED BY A HORSEMAN CARRYING A RED DANGER-FLAG: "LOCOMOTION NO. 1" IN THE RAILWAY CENTENARY PROCESSION ALONG THE OLD STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY ROUTE.

The original "Locomotion No. 1," hauling a replica of the train that ran at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway on September 27, 1825, was one of the most striking features of the Railway Centenary Procession held last week. This engine, built by Robert Stephenson at Newcastle-on-Tyne,

showed itself to be in efficient working order, although over a hundred years old. Its train consisted of "Chaldron" waggons (the coal-waggons of the period) and "the long coach belonging to the Company"; with "many passengers and a band" in the waggons and "the directors of the Company" in the coach.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WROTE something last week about Cobbett, concerning whom I have had occasion to think a good deal lately, having undertaken to write a fuller study of the subject. But the subject is so large that it overflows any boundaries of books or articles; and the overflows tend to be a little formless, as is the way of floods. And, on re-reading what I wrote last week, I think I did not make my meaning very clear about the chief point of issue, especially to those who do not happen to know the story of Cobbett in its general outline. Now the thing normally said about Cobbett is that he began as a Tory and ended as a Radical. But the simplification simplifies far too much. He began as a Tory who looked like a Radical to the other Tories. He ended as a Radical who would still have seemed a Tory to the other Radicals. Now, if this were said of nine men out of ten, we should infer that he occupied an intermediary position. We should suppose he was a little too liberal for the reactionaries, a little too cautious for the revolutionaries. We should suppose, in fact, that he was a moderate. But nobody who knows anything of Cobbett can suppose that he was a moderate. What I tried to say about him last week was that he was not *between* the two positions, because he was outside all positions. He seemed to be an extremist at all extremes. But that was because he *surrounded* the men of his time in a rather curious way.

Cobbett had an almost cruel aptitude for saying the thing that really hit the right nail on the head, at least when he thought that the right nail was a very wrong nail. The furious irritation he aroused is due to the fact that he never denounced what a man was expected to denounce. We are familiar to-day with the general principle of decency which limits political attacks, and especially attacks upon leading politicians. That principle is simple enough: it is that a man may say anything whatever against a politician, however wild, so long as it is not true. Truth is regarded as treachery and a foul blow, as outside the ropes, as stabbing in the back or hitting below the belt. This curious confusion of sportsmanship and sentimentalism is often perfectly sincere, and it is extraordinarily sensitive. It had not reached quite such a stage of sensibility in Cobbett's time, and therefore much more of the truth could be told; but the sentiment had already begun to soak into society, and it increased the dislike felt for the great *enfant terrible*. Cobbett was always indulging in what the respectable called hitting below the belt and the irreverent called touching the spot. It was all the worse because he could always put it in some homely figure of speech that seemed as vivid as a fact. One of the sharpest instances is in his relation to what may be called the Waterloo Government, the Tory or patriotic régime.

Cobbett told the Tories that they had shot Napoleon with a silver gun. It was a phrase among sportsmen for a man who bought pheasants at a shop and pretended that he had killed them. In other words, he concentrated on the fact that their international intervention had really been a commercial and not mainly a military intervention. Now this is the sort of thing that makes men so furious that we can almost forgive them for refusing to forgive it.

They were used to being deluged with much more dreadful denunciations which it was much easier to forgive. Long ago the great voice of Fox had gone up in generous horror against the horrors of war and the ghastly responsibility that is covered by glory; they were used to being reviled as militarists and men of blood. They were even more used to being reviled as tyrants than as conquerors; and, indeed, it is much more certain of some of them that they were tyrants than that they were conquerors. But there is a certain glow of inverted glory about being hated like that. It was a curious and cold shock to such

never thought of thinking so. There was no danger of anybody thinking so; but there was great danger of everybody refusing to think at all about the purely commercial character of our pressure upon Europe. There was great danger of everybody forgetting—or rather, never being allowed to realise—that our excellent army was, after all, a small professional army and not a national and popular conscription; that it could not possibly have acted without Allies; and that, though our lending such soldiers to the Allies made a great deal of difference, it was our lending money to the Allies that made the big difference. It was, first and last, simply because England was then by far the richest country in the world that she was able to pay the other countries to raise their vast conscript armies to make a cordon round the terrible Corsican. It was, after all, because she had the biggest bank but the smallest army. Cobbett called that, too briefly and too bitterly, shooting with a silver gun. It is the *kind* of truth there was in it that we must seize, in order to understand how many people would have liked to shoot him with any gun.

Now just as he did not bring the obvious charge against the Tories, so he did not bring the obvious charge against the Whigs and the Radicals. He attacked them also from another side; and the very abruptness of it could again be represented as something crazy or even tricky. Just as the reactionaries were accustomed to being accused of militarism, so the reformers were accustomed to being accused of mutiny. It was almost a compliment to be called a Jacobin by an Anti-Jacobin. But it was not a compliment to be called a snob and a slave and a usurer and an oppressor of the poor by a coarse and candid farmer, who began to tell everybody at the top of his voice how you had made your money or how you treated your workmen. The man who rejoiced in being called a rebel was startled at being called a placeman; but he was most startled when he really was a placeman. He was an old Parliamentary hand; and he was ready for anything but the truth.

But in order to attack people from these undiscovered sides and in this unexpected way, it is necessary to be something much larger than most of his enemies could imagine their enemy to be. To strike inwards in this way, it is necessary to have surrounded the enemy. It seems to me that Cobbett really did make this sort of encircling movement, though it may have seemed the very wildest sort of cavalry charge. In other words, he was certainly fanatical, but he was not narrow. In his own vague

and violent way he was really looking at the situation from a number of different points of view at once, points of view which nobody else in his time could have thought of combining—that of the democrat and the reactionary, the traditionalist and the destroyer. This does not in the least mean that he was right—certainly not that he was always right; but I think it does mean that he was great. Perhaps it needs a great man to define greatness—perhaps a greater man than the world has yet produced. But I think it would be no very bad attempt at a definition to say that a man is great when we can actually strike out in all directions and find, beyond our own everywhere, the circumference of his mind.



BEARING THE FLAGS OF THE POWERS: THE TRAIN THAT KEPT THE PEKING-MUKDEN RAILWAY OPEN DURING THE RECENT FIGHTING.

This photograph well illustrates the present position of foreigners in China under the native militarist régime. While in the past the Great Powers had only to ask for treaty rights and concessions to have them granted, they must now be satisfied to claim protection for their nationals under their respective flags.—[Photograph by Courtesy of H. T. Cowling.]

men to be told they were not better than army contractors and not much better than war profiteers. To many it seemed really unpardonable, because it seemed really unpatriotic. But there was a certain element of truth in it that put it really beyond pardon.

But it was true in the special way in which his truth was generally true. It was not the whole truth, but it was the neglected truth—or rather, it was the hidden truth. It was not all there was to be said, but it was what nobody else dared to say. It would be absurd to say that the Duke of Wellington had not done splendidly in Spain, or that the British infantry did not stand well at Waterloo; and Cobbett

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 96, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland) or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign); addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

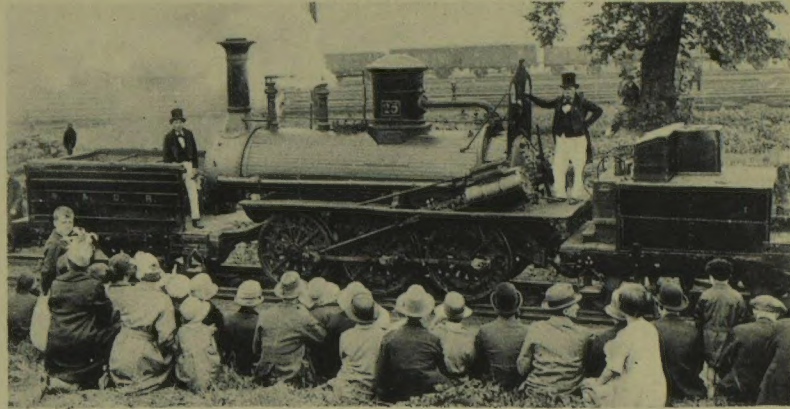


# THE ENGINES AND "CARRIAGES" OF OLD: THE RAILWAY CENTENARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., I.B., TOPICAL, C.N., AND SPECIAL PRESS.



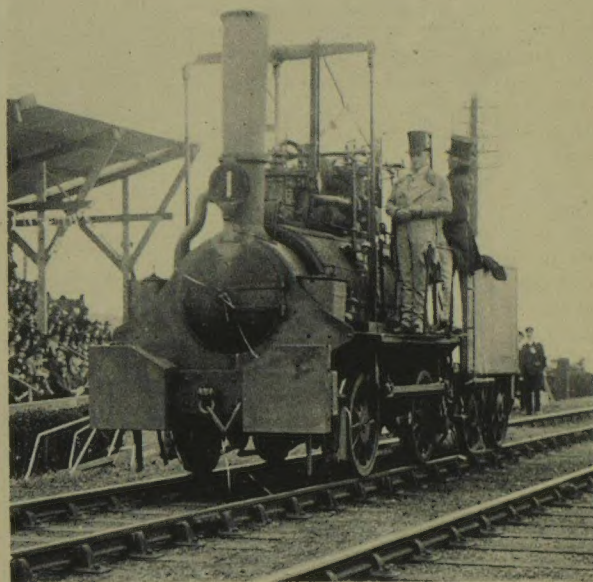
THE USE OF WHEELS—WITH MAN-POWER IN PLACE OF STEAM: "EARLY EGYPTIANS" AT THE RAILWAY CENTENARY COMMÉMORATION



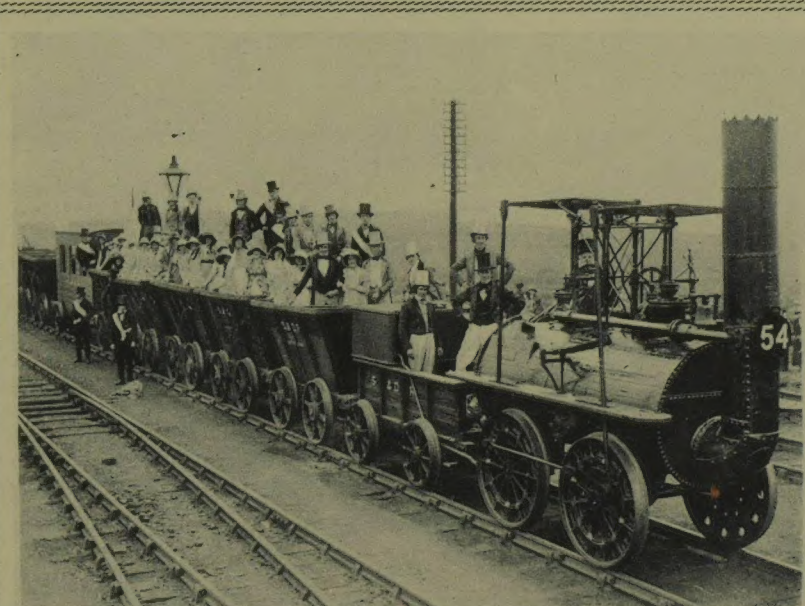
A MINERAL ENGINE OF TIMOTHY HACKWORTH'S DESIGN, BUILT FOR THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY, 1845: THE "DERWENT."



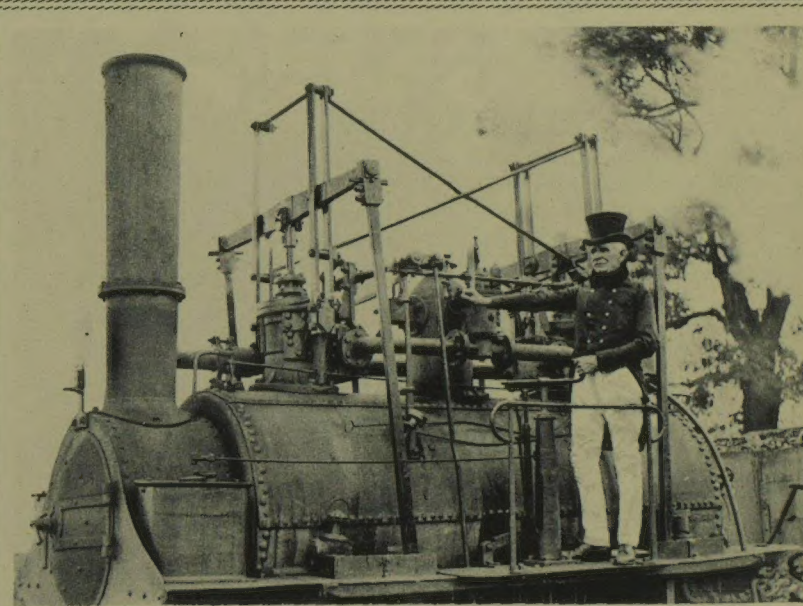
MUCH INTERESTED IN THE HISTORIC LOCOMOTIVES AND ROLLING-STOCK: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT THE COMMÉMORATION.



REBUILT IN 1857 AND AGAIN IN 1882, WHEN LINK MOTION WAS FITTED: AN ENGINE CONSTRUCTED IN 1822.



HAULING A REPLICA OF THE TRAIN THAT RAN ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1825: "LOCOMOTION NO. 1"; WITH COAL-WAGGONS AND COACH.



USED IN THE EARLIEST DAYS OF THE STOCKTON AND DARLINGTON RAILWAY: THE HETTON COLLIERY LOCOMOTIVE, BUILT IN 1822.

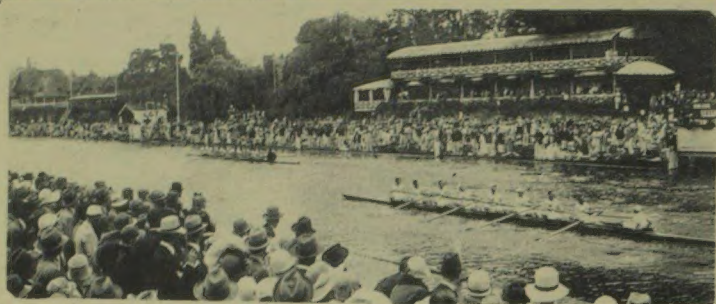
The Centenary of Railways was commemorated at Darlington and Stockton on July 1, 2, and 3, by an exhibition of items of historical interest in the development of railways, opened by the Duke of York, who was accompanied by the Duchess; a procession of old and modern locomotives and rolling-stock along the route of the old Stockton and Darlington Railway; a luncheon; the unveiling of a commemorative tablet; a banquet; and a luncheon to the delegates of the tenth International Railway Congress. A large crowd watched the singular and historic sight of ancient locomotives, urged into life again after a long rest, panting

along at a snail's pace under the control of drivers dressed in the long brass-buttoned coat and wide top hat of the early nineteenth century. The Egyptian group formed part of a tableaux train whose "living pictures" were designed to illustrate the evolution of the wheel in transport, and included a symbolic wheel supported by Early Astrologers and Modern Engineering Practice; prehistoric man's first wheel of logs; and the wheeled platforms of ancient Egypt here shown. The Hetton Colliery Locomotive was built in 1822, by George Stephenson and Nicholas Wood, and "Locomotion No 1" was built by Robert Stephenson.



## HENLEY FLOURISHING, BUT NOT FULL: THE 1925 REGATTA—FINALS.

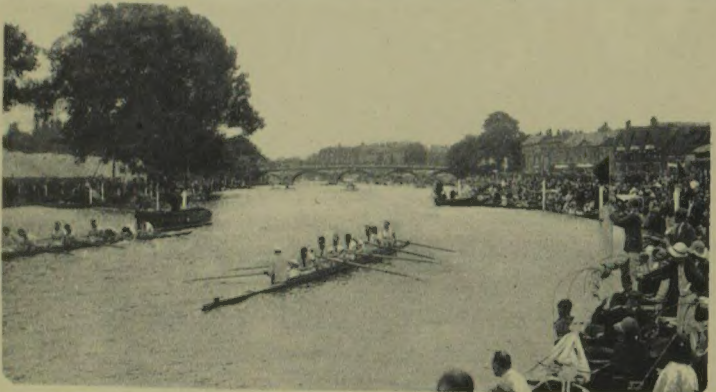
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., S. AND G., AND C.N.



THE FINAL OF THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE: LADY MARGARET B.C., CAMBRIDGE, BEAT RADLEY COLLEGE.



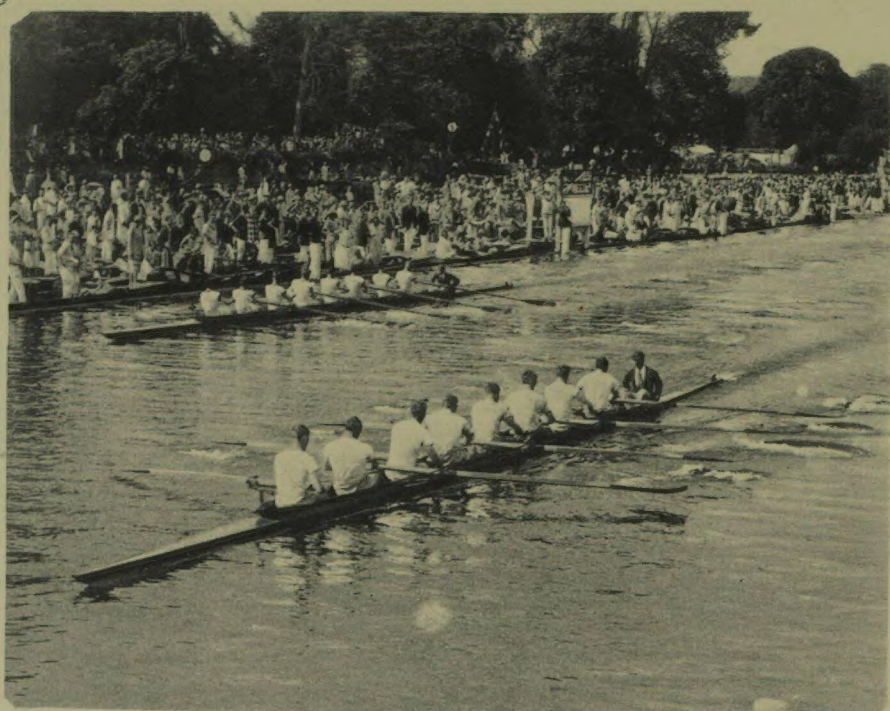
THE FINAL OF THE STEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP: THIRD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, BEAT THE LEANDER CLUB IN RECORD TIME.



THE FINAL OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: THE LEANDER CLUB BEAT THE THAMES ROWING CLUB.



HENLEY AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS FAME: THE REGATTA IN 1909.



THE FINAL OF THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP: FIRST TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, BEAT THE HENLEY ROWING CLUB.



HENLEY THIS YEAR—WELL ATTENDED, BUT NOT CROWDED: THE COURSE ON THE LAST DAY.

Royal Henley Regatta was held in good weather this year, and was fairly well attended, but it may be said without unfairness that the fixture is no longer one which attracts the crowds of spectators that it used to draw—especially, perhaps, as Wimbledon is a rival attraction. In connection with our comparative photographs, however, it should be noted that the Finals Day this year was not favoured by ideal climatic conditions. With regard to the events, some fast times were made. In the final of the Stewards' Cup, the record, which has been standing since 1908, was beaten, Third Trinity winning from Leander by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths,

in 7 min. 27 sec. In the Wyfold Challenge Cup, Thames Rowing Club won from Selwyn College, Cambridge, by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in 7 min. 35 sec., a time which equals the record made by Jesus in 1921. Leander won the Grand Challenge Cup from the Thames Rowing Club in 6 min. 53 sec. Lady Margaret B.C. were victorious against Radley in the final of the Ladies' Challenge Plate, winning in 7 min. 7 sec. The Thames Challenge Cup was won by First Trinity, from Trinity Hall, in 7 min. 20 sec. Third Trinity won two other events: the Visitors' Cup, from Brasenose College, Oxford, in 3 min. 37 sec., and the Silver Goblets, from Leander, in 8 min. 17 sec.



# THE "FRENCH" WIMBLEDON: CHAMPIONS AND RUNNERS-UP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, L.N.A., C.P.P., C.N., AND S. AND G.



A FINALIST IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: RAY CASEY (AMERICA).



FRENCH FINALISTS: R. LACOSTE, THE NEW SINGLES CHAMPION, AND J. BOROTRA, VICTORS IN THE DOUBLES.



A FINALIST IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: J. HENNESSEY (AMERICA).



SHAKING HANDS AFTER R. LACOSTE'S VICTORY: J. BOROTRA, WITH HIS PERPETUAL SMILE.



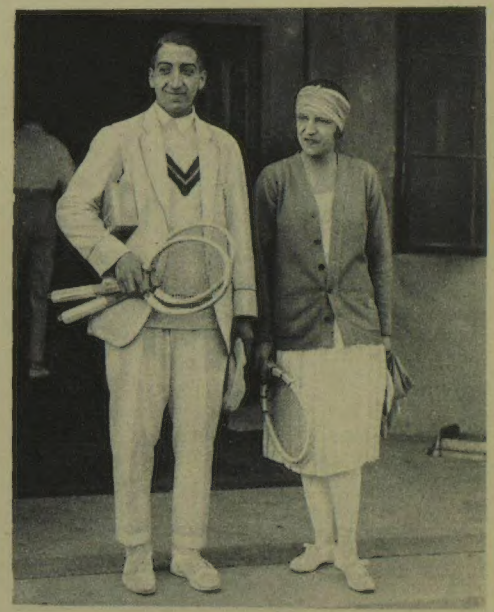
WINNERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN AND MISS RYAN.



SHAKING HANDS WITH THE GREAT SUZANNE AFTER THEIR MATCH: MISS JOAN FRY, THE YOUNG ENGLISH FINALIST.



SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES: BARON B. VON KEHRLING (AUSTRIA), WINNER OF THE ALL-ENGLAND PLATE, AND BARON H. L. DE MORPURGO (ITALY) (R.).



CHAMPIONS BOTH: R. LACOSTE, WINNER OF THE MEN'S SINGLES; AND SUZANNE LENGLEN, WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES.

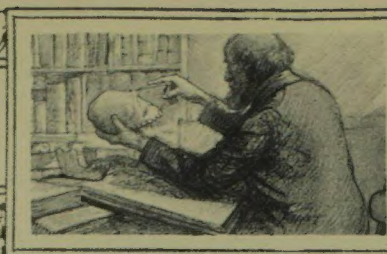
Wimbledon this year was the scene of a series of triumphs for the French players. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen—playing even better than ever, now that she has recovered from her illness—won the Ladies' Singles, beating Miss Fry, the young Staffordshire player, whose appearance in the Centre Court at the age of nineteen roused so much interest, in the final.—The final of the Men's Singles resulted in a win for R. Lacoste, last year's runner-up, who defeated his compatriot, J. Borotra, the champion of 1924.—R. Lacoste and J. Borotra won the Men's Doubles,

beating the American players, Casey and Hennessey, after a great match, in the final. The victors met Baron de Morpurgo (Italy) and Baron B. von Kehrling (Austria) in the semi-final.—The Ladies' Doubles were won by Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan, a famous pair of partners; and Suzanne Lenglen and Borotra won the Mixed Doubles. Thus France carried off every championship, Miss Ryan, the Californian player, being the only winner who is not of Gallic birth.—The All-England Plate went to the Austrian player, Baron B. von Kehrling.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S GIFT TO THE "ZOO."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE collection at the Gardens of the Zoological Society has just been enriched by the gift of two beautiful Colobus, or Guereza monkeys (*Colobus caudatus*), from Kenya, presented by the Duchess of York on her return from her memorable visit to East Africa. This much was announced in the papers some days ago; but so far no inkling has been given of the quite peculiar interest which attaches to the Colobus monkeys—of which there are several species—an interest which adds immensely to the value of this gift. To the uninitiated, "Colobus monkeys" are just ordinary monkeys. But indeed they are not. Even at the first glance one can see that these two specimens stand apart from their fellows, if only on account of their singular coloration.

As will be seen in the accompanying photograph, this coloration arrests attention by reason of its strongly contrasting masses of black and white. This is a very unusual combination among the mammals. It occurs as a form of "protective coloration" in the striped hide of the zebras, and in the form of longitudinal stripes in the "warningly coloured" skunks and some other carnivores. To which of these two categories the strange mantle of the black-and-white Colobus monkeys belonged was for long an insoluble mystery, which was solved at last, however, by Dr. Gregory during his journey to Mount Kenya and Lake Baringo.

The key to the mystery was this. Like others of their tribe, they pass most of their time high up

How, it may well be asked, could such a wonderful assimilation between these creatures and this most remarkable type of vegetation have come about? In most cases of this kind we could only reply, "By the selection of favourable variations in the direction of this mimicry." To those who are unfamiliar with the evidence which has been garnered in regard to evolution of this kind, such a reply would not sound very convincing.

Happily, however, in this case we have some



WITH A WHITE PATCH ON THE THIGH DEVELOPED FROM THE MANTLED GUEREZA'S SMALL WHITE PATCH NEAR THE BASE OF THE TAIL: THE WHITE-THIGHED GUEREZA.

very striking and telling facts, which will go far to show that our inferences are justified.

There are, as I have said, several species of the Colobus, or thumbless monkey—a type which is confined to Africa—showing various phases in the development of this singular pelage. We begin with the "Black Guereza," the native name for the Colobus monkey. This is a native of the forests of West Africa, and is wholly black, with tufts of long hair on each side of the face and throat, a pointed crest on the crown, and a long short-haired tail. East Central Africa provides the Mantled Guereza, wherein the face-tufts, chin, and narrow, pendent tufts of long hair on the shoulders are white, while the terminal half of the tail is grey with a white tip, which, be it noted, shows a slight tendency to expand into a brush. A further development is seen in the Mantled Guereza which has found its way into British East Africa, wherein the two white face-tufts are connected by a white band across the brow, while the shoulder-tufts are much more developed. A small white patch has now started at the base of the tail, the tail itself having the terminal third whitish, the middle third grey, and the rest black. This patch is interesting, because in the white-thighed Guereza of Guinea it has become greatly enlarged, foreshadowing the final issue. Next comes Sharpe's Guereza, from Nyasaland, wherein the face, white brow band, throat, and shoulder-tufts are still further developed, and hang down in a luxuriant growth over the fore-limbs; while the

tip of the tail bears a tuft which has been likened to that of the lion's tail.

A step still further in advance is found in the Abyssinian Guereza, which has spread over North-east Africa generally. Herein the white shoulder-tufts extend backwards, to form a white mantle falling down on each side of the body and uniting on the lower part of the back to join with the enlarged patch at the tail-base just referred to, forming a silky mantle joining its fellow on the opposite side of the body. Finally, we come to the climax in the White-tailed Guereza of Kenya, the Kilimanjaro district, and other parts of Eastern Africa. Herein the beautiful white pendent mantle attains its maximum length; and the tail, now wholly white, is ornamented by long hair comparable to the "flag" of a setter, or, as some have remarked, to the Indian *chowri*, or fly-whisk. But the cheek and throat-tufts have become completely lost, so that the head is wholly short-haired, and the face and throat white. Between this and the Black Guereza there is an enormous contrast, yet the two types are linked up by a wonderful series of stages.

What started the development of the white patches and their steady increase in size we do not know. But this secret we might penetrate if we knew more of the life-history of these animals. The wonderful fur of the White-tailed Guereza is much prized for personal decorative purposes by the natives, who for untold generations have worn it on ceremonial occasions. But, unfortunately,



WITH MAXIMUM WHITE AREAS, FORMING A LONG MANTLE: THE WHITE-TAILED GUEREZA.

"In the White-tailed Guereza the white areas of the fur have attained the maximum, forming a mantle on each side which reaches the ground."

women of fashion here in "Our England" are following the lead of the savage: and hence a demand has arisen for this fur which is gravely imperilling the existence of the species. There can be no pretence that such fur is worn for warmth. It is coveted for the same reason as that which excites the covetousness of the Bantu negro—for the purpose of display. Let us hope that some new freak of Fashion will put a speedy end to the demand.

Although typically forest dwellers, some of these Guerezas are found in open country, living in "thorn-scrub"; and here they escape from their enemies, like other monkeys, by galloping over the ground. The White-tailed species, however, would find such country impossible, since its long, trailing mantle would hamper its movements. Only in the tree-tops could such finery be worn. And yet, with them, this is not so much "finery" as a life-saving mantle of invisibility, evolved, we may take it, by the action of Natural Selection, as soon as an advantage was to be derived by assimilation in coloration with the beard-moss and lichen of the forests into which they had made their way at some period in the remote past.



PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK: AN ABYSSINIAN COLOBUS, OR GUEREZA MONKEY, WITH ITS GREATLY DEVELOPED WHITE MANTLE—A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith, F.Z.S.



WITH WHITE CHEEK-TUFTS, SHOULDER-HAIR AND TAIL-TIP, AND A SMALL WHITE PATCH NEAR THE BASE OF THE TAIL: THE MANTLED GUEREZA.

"In the Mantled Guereza the long black hair of the shoulders has turned white, a white tuft is borne on the cheeks, and the tail ends in a white tip, while a small patch of white is just discernible at the base of the tail."

in the trees. Here they find their food, and here they sleep. And it is then, when oblivious to all around them, that they are most in danger of falling a prey to some hungry eagle scanning the tree-tops for a victim. Now the forests wherein these creatures live are dark and dank, and the black-barked trees bear on their branches great masses and wreaths of grey "beard-moss" and lichen hanging in festoons several feet long. Amid such surroundings the monkeys, as long as they are at rest, so closely resemble the black branches and this strange drapery as to be absolutely invisible. It should not be beyond the ingenuity of the "powers that be" at the Gardens to fabricate, in asbestos or some such similar material, similar masses and festoons, to represent this "beard-moss," attached to suitable branches, and thus exhibit these singular animals as in their native fastnesses. It would form one of the most attractive features in the Gardens, and it would further provide a most instructive demonstration of what is meant by "protective coloration."



## THE MYSTERIOUS GREEN LINE IN THE AURORA BOREALIS SPECTRUM.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF PROFESSOR J. C. McLENNAN.



## KNOWLEDGE THAT MAY HELP TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF THE TRANSMISSION OF WIRELESS WAVES AROUND THE WORLD: EXPERIMENTS ELUCIDATING THE GREEN LINE IN THE SPECTRUM OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Concerning his drawing, Mr. Davis writes: "The experiments conducted by Professor J. C. McLennan, of the University of Toronto, Canada, have mainly been directed to the discovery of the origin of the light constituting the Aurora Borealis. For years scientists have been attempting to solve this problem, in order to ascertain the constitution of the upper atmosphere; and, incidentally, the complete solution of the problem would elucidate the question whether or no there is a Heaviside layer which, as most people are aware, is claimed (by many) to play an all-important part in long-distance wireless transmission and reception. The discovery had already been made that part of the Aurora light originated in nitrogen; but there remained the mystery of the green constituent of the spectrum—otherwise the green line which has been visible in all spectra, and is visible among the other bands at a definite point. As the result of the investigations of Lord Rayleigh, the bands were identified with the spectrum of nitrogen, but the green line remained an unsolved puzzle. Quite recently, however, Professor McLennan obtained in his laboratory a green line in the spectrum, in exactly the right position—by a mixture of helium and oxygen in a ratio of about

25 to 1, contained in a glass tube, and made to glow by the current from a transformer. The resultant spectrogram showed the spectral line in the identical position of that in the spectrum of the Aurora Borealis. From this we know that at a height of approximately sixty miles all over the earth's surface there is a faintly glowing mixture of oxygen and helium which can be seen and observed by means of the spectrograph from almost any place in the world. From time to time the sun discharges large streams of electrons. When these electrons strike the upper atmosphere they cause the atoms constituting the layer about sixty miles above us (where the pressure is exactly suitable) to oscillate violently; and there is set up a great glow in the northern sky which we know as the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights. In this case, the green line is intensified, and, in addition, there appear the red, blue, and violet rays which scientists know have their origin in nitrogen, which goes to prove that there is nitrogen in the upper atmosphere. It now remains for scientific investigators to explain the functions of this layer of helium, oxygen, and nitrogen, and its effect on the wireless waves in connection with long-distance transmission."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## THE PRISON FLOOR—AND A SUNBEAM: RUSSIA AS THE S.S.S.R.

"RUSSIA IN DIVISION." By STEPHEN GRAHAM.\*

RUSSIA is Red and dead. She will whiten and be alive. That is the summing-up of the judicial Stephen Graham.

Sovdepiya, or Sessera, or the S.S.S.R.—the Alliance of Socialist Soviet Republics—call it which you will, is a drab land seething with unrest; a hotbed of political intrigue; a rusty, broken chain of cities in panic and poverty, sullen villages, and stricken countryside; a strange place of fresh frontiers and unfamiliar names.

"The new Russia is no more like the old than Yiddish is like Russian; the new culture is a jargon culture superimposed on the old culture."

"The Russian National Church only continues on sufferance of the Soviet Government, which, being militantly atheistic, works necessarily for the destruction of religious habits."

"The old Russia was one of growing industrialism, and, helped by the brains of Manchester, the cotton-mills of Moscow and Lodz put shirts on the backs of Russia and one-half of Asia. To-day the mines are largely unworked. Unpractical Russians try to exploit natural wealth without success. The factories languish."

Proletariat and Propaganda are catch-words. Those who think that "Bolsheviks are merely working to put baths in working-men's homes" are reminded: "Baths, yes, but baths of blood."

The external programme is now "the real issue for Russia and Europe. It is an absurd programme, for all steps taken to realise it lead eventually to disaster for the Communist Party itself. It is briefly the Bolshevisation of the world. The British Empire is to be dissolved; revolution is to be achieved in every State in the world; the ill-will of Germany towards the Secession States and France is to be exploited to the limit; the discontent of the subject races of the East is to be focussed to Moscow—the Mecca and Medina of all enslaved peoples; the 'Yellow Peril' is to be organised and made a reality."

But with it all there are portents of better things.

"The peasants, those mad desirers of land, were slaves seventy years ago. They were bought and sold at auction; they were transferred at will from property to property. But, in this short space of time, they have gone all the way from being the chattels of their masters to making their masters outcasts and wage-slaves—only to be 'gorged to satiety with mere earth' and to discover that 'land without labour does not feed!'"

"The best map of Soviet Russia to-day would be a railway map, or rather, a map showing those railways which are now working. Five miles from the railway station, the influence of the modern socialistic republic wanes, and the old Russia recommences."

And the citizens are resentful, in rags, ill-fed, oppressed by iron laws. It is said "the bourgeois can only perish at the hands of the bourgeois"—there are those who have learned to realise this. One day, doubtless, common-sense will reassert itself. Then—who can tell? Mr. Graham visions "a democratic federation of States in which the external republics, now independent, function equally with the internal ones, now largely impotent: some sort of United States of Russia including self-ruling Esthonia, Georgia, and the rest, a great sane economic unity, with a strong central authority . . . of untold gain to the Old World. That," he argues, "would mean, among other things . . . the abolition of the Cordon Sanitaire of small republics between Russia and Germany; resumption of Russia's rôle as feeder of the industrial West; resumption of her cultural effort in science, literature, art, music, etc.; revival of religious life in her educated classes; peace in Central Asia and in China, and a return of all Europe to the normal." All this he believes possible, despite the fact

that "the émigrés are bitterly and fantastically divided by party ties"; despite the saying that "you cannot help a Russian"; because "in Russia there is plenty of time for unhappiness, revolution, and counter-revolution. Her peasantry is indestructible; her passivity incalculable. She has time also for the restoration of happiness and peace. We may not live to see it; we are impatient. With us time flies. With them it crawls slowly like a sunbeam across a prison floor. Our roads have milestones; theirs wind back and forth over the illimitable steppe. We have a long tradition of settlement; they have the past of tribes who wandered with their tents."

Still more because he cannot persuade himself to credit the long continuance of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Poland as at present constituted as "accidental and experimental" obstructions where "'Sessera' ends and Europe begins." His decision—perhaps a sweeping decision—is: "Of the four Baltic States I would say the independence of Finland is most assured. The cost of

are better known in Russia than those of Turner are in England," is a voluntary exile in Finland, and will not write to his friends in St. Petersburg. "I have had to give up corresponding with them," said the old man. "My letters do not reach. It is, too much for me; I cannot bring myself to write Leningrad on the envelopes, and the post now refuses to deliver letters unless the new name is used."

In France, General Judenitch is a market-gardener. The ex-assistant Town Governor of Moscow is a cook. "You meet brave officers who went through the war still preserving their Georgian crosses, but earning a living as plasterers, plumbers, cleaners. A countless slaves all day painting backs of chairs—to gain the merest pittance. But the commonest fate is to serve in a shop, or work in a motor factory, or dig in a mine."

Losky, Bulgakof, Berdaieff, S. L. Frank, the philosophers, are in Prague. "Andreief died abroad in wild despair. . . . Amphiteatrof, who tried to show H. G. Wells in Moscow the utter misery of writing men in Russia, escaped from its misery in 1923. Merezhovsky, perhaps the greatest of Russian living writers, stayed as long as he could in Petrograd, and came out the sworn immutable enemy of the Bolsheviks. . . . Artsibashef, who once startled the world with 'Sanin,' has fled to Warsaw. Severianin, the innovator in poetry, is in Esthonia. . . . Maxim Gorky, proletarian as he is, performed his distasteful task as Dictator of Art under the Soviets, and has now gone to Capri. . . . Kropotkin died in penury and neglect at Dmitrof. . . . Shaliapine . . . has at last escaped, and does not intend to return. . . . Of the great musicians of our day, Rachmaninof and Stravinsky are exiles. . . . Roerich, at the time of writing, is in Tibet, but he has a home for all his recent pictures in America. . . . Wrangel sits in a Serbian monastery, and Denikin is comfortably housed in Hungary. . . . Dr. Zaidler, one of the most famous surgeons in Europe, sits idly in Finland." So the tale goes on!

Amongst the others in Paris is Alexey Remizof, "one of the few undoubted geniuses of modern Russia," writer of fairy tales, a folk-lorist in fiction. Mr. Graham says of his studio: "A curious place, cluttered up with books, ornamented with maps, strewn with toys, but chiefly remarkable in my eyes for the stout threads hung across and across overhead, and hanging with completely cleaned white fish-bones of soles, bits of seaweed, ducks' feet, imitation starfish, bubbles, and baubles. . . . Remizof said he liked to feel at the bottom of the ocean when he wrote. . . . He opened a door, and I saw into another room. There in a blaze of light were two Christmas-trees ornamented with tinsel. . . . A string crossed the ceiling of this room, and from it hung dried plants and shrubs. 'That divides the room into two rooms,' said Alexey. 'On this side you may smoke, but not on that.' . . . There was a large figure of the Holy Virgin there, and such a 'holy corner' as one sees in peasants' houses, with candles saved from Easter on the shelf below, lamp burning, various 'consecrated' toys and household things. He picked up a powder-box and opened the lid. 'What do you think we have here?' he asked affectionately. 'Russian earth,' said he with great solemnity. 'We brought it with us.'"

"Let the trumpeter call them at midnight; bid them come and march past, the ghosts of the Russia we love, the banished and the dead."

"The Imperial family slaughtered at Ekaterinburg have entered the shadow-land of old ikon-faces; they have become mythical and legendary, and, therefore, for the Slav, more real."

A most fascinating, as well as a most instructive book, this "Russia in Division"; pages not to be neglected by those who would understand. Tragedy and trials are there, terrors and tears, persecution and pity; but there is a sunbeam across the prison floor.

E. H. G.



A GREAT ANIMAL SCULPTOR BY A GREAT PORTRAIT PAINTER:  
"MR. HERBERT HASELTINE," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN.

We give this very interesting picture of Mr. Herbert Haseltine, by Sir William Orpen, in view of the fact that the famous American sculptor's exhibition, under the auspices of "The Field," has just been opened at Knoedler's Gallery, 15, Old Bond Street. Our readers will remember that from time to time we have published numerous examples of Mr. Haseltine's work, and that a double-page of sculptures shown at the present exhibition was given in our last issue.

Photograph of Sir William Orpen's Picture by Bernes, Marouteau and Co.

living is greatest in Lithuania and least in Latvia. People are happiest in Esthonia. Latvia, thanks to Riga, gives most signs of having culture. The Lithuanians are, however, the most ambitious, if not the most fortunate of these States. As to Poland: "Poland begins to feel that reliance upon France is not enough, especially in the changing atmosphere of Western European politics. Poland will now look more and more to the League of Nations as alone capable of guaranteeing her territory against her hostile neighbours." And what of the powers of the League?

Can "Self-Determination" stand the strain of jealousies, the philological pettiness of "factories of languages," factions and fears, boundaries that are kept by force and force alone?

Meanwhile, what of the famous men and women of the Russia that was? The effigies of those of the past have been torn from pedestal and niche; the minds and bodies of those of the present are persecuted or ignored.

Répin, the eighty-year-old painter whose "canvases

\* "Russia in Division." By Stephen Graham, Author of "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," etc. (Macmillan and Co.; 7s. 6d. net.)



## THE REAL YELLOW PERIL: A NEW ETHNOLOGICAL THEORY OF CHINA.



REPRESENTING THE WHITE ARYAN ELEMENT IN FAR EASTERN PEOPLES, WHICH PRODUCED CONQUERORS SUCH AS ATTILA, TAMERLANE, AND GENGHIZ KHAN: CHINESE TYPES WITH LONG HEADS, FINE NOSES, CLEAR SKIN, AND WELL-DEVELOPED HAIR.



TYPICAL OF THE WHITE RACE WHOSE MIGRATION MODIFIED THE NATIVES: A CHINESE OF ARYAN CAST.

THE above photographs illustrate a new ethnological theory regarding China, put forward in "L'Illustration" by a distinguished anthropologist, Dr. A. Legendre, who, after long study of Chinese history, and more than twenty years' sojourn in China, has come to the conclusion that the majority of the Chinese nation (that is to say, the so-called Yellow Race) is the result of a mixture of the white and negroid races. He believes that this is the cause of the stagnant periods which have overcome Chinese civilisation so frequently, and that all her great men were not of the so-called Yellow Race, but belong to a wholly different type, being tall and blue-eyed, with straight features. Of that type were the great conquerors and the warriors that followed them, such as Attila and Genghiz Khan. Accord-

ing to Dr. Legendre, the "Yellow Race," if left to itself, is quite incapable of the sustained effort or organisation necessary for conquest, or any other kind of achievement. He gives various examples, such as that of Chinese philosophy, which is obviously inspired from India, and Chinese art, which is not really original; and concludes by stating that the Chinese, if left to themselves, can never harm Europe, and that the Yellow Peril is consequently non-existent. But

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this same Yellow Peril will become a real danger, Dr. Legendre points out, if ever the Chinese find a great white nation which is renegade and will organise the population and fling them westwards. And nowhere in the world is the Bolshevik so active as in China, whose champion against the capitalist nations of the West he declares himself to be. Communistic barbarism, reinforced by all the yellow men and negroids, may become a real menace to Europe. Eight hundred million Asiatics, without counting Africans, are struggling against the supremacy of the white race, and Bolshevism is fanning the flame. All our civilisation is at stake. "I began my investigations," says Dr. Legendre, "in 1901, in Setchouen, a vast region of forty million people, inhabited by a veritable conglomeration coming from all provinces. . . . Did I find that there were in all classes of society nothing but people with high cheek-bones? Far from it. That all were smooth-faced? Anything but. I discovered that, besides small individuals, whose medium height was 1.50 metres (about 5 ft.), with dark skins, flattened noses and sometimes distended nostrils, there were others who were tall, with long heads, fine noses, white skins, and hairy faces. . . .

[Continued below.]



DESCENDED FROM A WHITE RACE THAT GAVE THE FAR EAST ITS EARLY RULERS: A CHINESE OF ARYAN TYPE.



SPRUNG FROM A MIXTURE OF BLACK AND WHITE RACES THAT BECAME YELLOW: A CHINESE NEGROID TYPE.



PRESENTING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TWO RACES (WHITE AND BLACK) WHOSE MIXTURE IS SAID TO HAVE PRODUCED THE EXISTING YELLOW RACE: CHINESE TYPES OF MINGLED ARYAN AND NEGROID DESCENT.



TRACEABLE TO A FUSION OF BLACK AND WHITE PRODUCING A YELLOW RACE: A NEGROID TYPE OF CHINESE.

[Continued.]

The fine Aryan type, tall, and with good features, I found in the Valley of the Yalung, in the Yunnan, and in the basin of the Yang Tze. Between these two extremes there were the yellow men of all shades (half-breeds), much more general than the pure Aryan, or Negrito. I then went to Northern China, through the Central Province of Shan-Si, which prolongs the Mongolian plateau to the south. . . . It is especially from the incessant attack of the Hsiung-Nou, or Huns, that China had to suffer. Of what race were these Huns? In the year 350 A.D., a Chinese general called Cheu Min, wishing to liberate the Shan-Si from their domination, gave a secret order for them to be all massacred. 200,000 were put

to the sword. The massacre was so pitiless, we are told, that the hairy Chinese were killed too, because they were taken for Huns. They were not yellow men, these Huns with big beards and blue eyes who occupied the Shan-Si for centuries, according to the chroniclers. Should I not find traces of them in that great central valley of their race, the Fong Ho, where a dynasty of their race, the Yuans, was still mistress of China in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? The experience was conclusive. . . . I had no difficulty in confirming . . . the permanence of the Aryan type. The conclusion is that the 'Yellow Race' is a mixture of whites and blacks which has been going on for thousands of years."



## NEW DISCOVERIES AT GIRGENTI: THE MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY OF DEMETER.

*Translated from the Italian by Mrs. A. M. Austin.*

LAST spring, by means of funds generously furnished by an Englishman, Captain Alexander Hardcastle, and under the superintendence of Professor Paolo Orsi and Dr. Pirro Marconi, various important archæological excavations were carried out on the site of the ruins of the Greek city of Girgenti, in Sicily. Several buildings of the ancient city were successfully explored—the little Græco-Roman Temple called the Oratory of Phalaris, the Temple of Hera, and a Hellenistic portico near the Temple of the Dioscuri. But the most important and interesting results were obtained from the excavation of the archaic sanctuary (Fig. 6) which was discovered immured in the Norman church of S. Biagio, in a rough and mountainous spot on the slopes of the Rock of Athena.

An old road cut in the rock, and bearing the traces of ancient chariot-wheels still visible for about a hundred yards, leads from the plain of Girgenti to the spot where the ancients planted a great artificial platform, digging on the inner side into the steep face of the rock, and on the outer upholding it with great supporting walls. Here, on this site, dominating the neighbouring valleys and the sea, they erected their sanctuary.

The temple (Fig. 6) is of the simplest form—a rectangular cell, 30 metres (about 100 ft.) long, and 14 metres (about 45 ft.) wide, without columns, with a wide doorway looking towards the east, flanked by stout pilasters (*antæ*) and approached by three steps. It is entirely lacking in the decorative elements which became essential at a later date. (The frieze of metopes and triglyphs is an example.) In it we see the oldest sacred building erected in the city after the foundation of the Greek colony, destined to become in a short time the rich and magnificent Akragas, to whose splendours the fragments of mighty temples and a wide field of ruins still bear witness.

The sanctuary is not situated, like all the other buildings, in the lower part of the city, looking directly out upon the sea, but on a mountain rocky and difficult of access, where the first nucleus of the colonists gathered for safety, before proceeding to the construction of their city on the plain below.

Excavation has brought to light, almost entire, the upper parts of the temple and the roof-beams, fallen naturally, or displaced to give room for the roof of the mediæval church. Also certain important fragments of the actual heavy stone roof were discovered, together with some of its ornamentation—namely, four waterspouts decorated with lions' heads, and

a delicate terminal cornice, painted red and blue, the cyma ornamented with leaves and a fine and complex crossed mæander pattern.

The usual great rectangular altar, placed generally before the door, and destined to receive

sacrifices and offerings to the divinity, is absent. In its place are seen, on the north side, in the passage between the wall of the shrine and the mountain-flank, two round altars (Fig. 2), near together, the one intended for blood-offerings, as indicated by the hole in the bottom for the blood of the victims to flow through; and the other lower, probably for common offerings; in fact, in the irregular hollow in the midst of it, and in a depression around it, there have been laid bare piles of *keranoi*, or votive lamps (Fig. 8), saucer-shaped, with numerous apertures for the flame, of various shapes and dimensions, and some with polychrome decoration, all heaped together like votive offerings.

The fragments of pottery found on the spot give evidence of great antiquity, and point to the building belonging to the second half of the sixth century B.C.

But the cult endured for many centuries, for, side by side with the oldest remains are found others of far more recent date, in the shape of two female busts in terra-cotta, executed in a style peculiar to Sicily, contemporaneous with, or very little later than, the great art of Pheidias (Fig. 5), and of numerous little vases, lamps and jars, among which, side by side with the oldest, are others which belong to Hellenistic or even Roman times (Fig. 1).

All this evidence allows us to determine the attribution of the temple, on the subject of which various hypotheses have been put forward, but upon which only the excavations can confidently pronounce. The votive lamps of the particular form found here are peculiar to the chthonic deities, and especially to Demeter and Persephone; and the great number of them massed around the altar suggest that it was precisely these divinities that were venerated in the most ancient sanctuary of Akragas. Further evidence for that conclusion is found in the clay busts representing the lovely and hapless Persephone. These busts were votive offerings made to her by the faithful, like certain others discovered some years ago in the vicinity of the temple and now preserved in the Museum of Syracuse.

Other objects which were excavated, and attest the great antiquity of the sanctuary were a fragment of the rim of a large terra-cotta platter (Fig. 7), decorated with a frieze of racing chariots and Victories, dating back to the first half of the sixth century B.C.; other clay busts of women (Fig. 3), and terra-cotta heads of various periods (Fig. 4).



FIG. 1.—INDICATING THAT THE WORSHIP OF DEMETER AT GIRGENTI LASTED MANY CENTURIES: LITTLE VASES, LAMPS, AND JARS OF HELLENISTIC OR ROMAN DATE FOUND WITH RELICS OF THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

*Photograph Supplied by Mrs. A. M. Austin.*



FIG. 2.—IN PLACE OF "THE USUAL GREAT RECTANGULAR ALTAR": TWO ROUND ALTARS—THE HIGHER ONE FOR BLOOD-OFFERINGS—BETWEEN THE WALL OF THE TEMPLE OF DEMETER AT GIRGENTI AND THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

*Photograph Supplied by Mrs. A. M. Austin.*





FIG. 3.—WITH HER HAIR IN LONG PLAITS: A CLAY BUST OF A WOMAN, FOUND AT GIRGENTI.

## A GREEK TEMPLE IN A NORMAN CHURCH: DISCOVERIES AT GIRGENTI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MRS. A. M. AUSTIN.



FIG. 4.—ONE WITH THICK LIPS AND FLAT NOSE SUGGESTING AN AFRICAN TYPE: TWO TERRA-COTTA HEADS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT GIRGENTI.



FIG. 5.—IN SICILIAN STYLE, LITTLE LATER THAN THE ART OF PHEIDIAS: A TERRA-COTTA BUST FROM GIRGENTI.

1. GIRGENTI is the ancient Roman Agrigentum and the Greek Akragas. Colonists from Gela founded it somewhere about 582 B.C. The tyrant Phalaris—famous for a cruelty which found an outlet in such villainies as human sacrifice in a heated brazen bull—held sway over it in the middle of the sixth century B.C., and later its government was, in turn, oligarchic and republican. As a commercial centre, and with a reputed population of a million, it was at the height of its glory in the fifth century B.C. Carthage plundered it in 406 B.C., and it was reconstructed by Timoleon, and received a Syracusan colony. During the Punic Wars it was on the side of

(Continued in Box 2.)



FIG. 6.—THE OLDEST SACRED BUILDING AT ANCIENT AKRAGAS (GIRGENTI) ASSOCIATED FOR MANY CENTURIES WITH THE WORSHIP OF DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE: "THE ARCHAIC SANCTUARY DISCOVERED IMMURED IN THE NORMAN CHURCH OF SAN BIAGIO, ON THE SLOPES OF THE ROCK OF ATHENA."

Carthage. Eventually, Rome annexed it in 210 B.C., and its importance waned. The philosopher Empedocles was born there and flourished about 444 B.C. The modern Girgenti, famous, as our photographs indicate, for its many remains of Doric temples and other Greek buildings dating from before the Carthaginian conquest, is the capital of the Province of Girgenti, in Sicily, and is on the coast, and produces olive oil, cereals, fruits, and sulphur. For a time, it was a Saracen possession, and in the Middle Ages it was a wealthy bishopric. The population is about 25,000. Porto Empedocle, its sea-port, does a considerable trade in the exportation of sulphur.

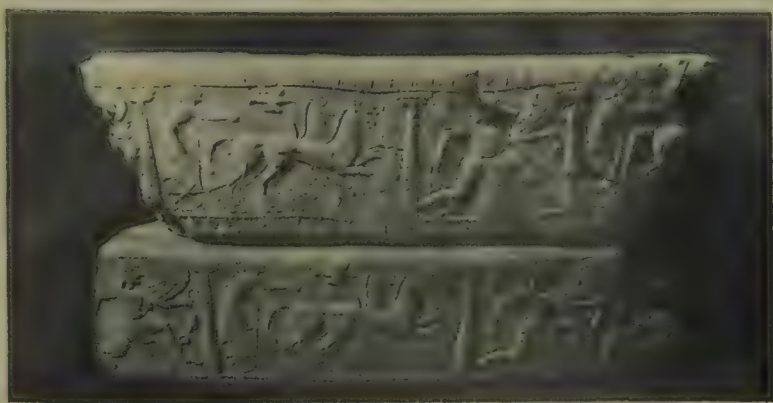


FIG. 7.—EVIDENCE OF THE TEMPLE'S GREAT ANTIQUITY: A RIM FRAGMENT OF A TERRA-COTTA PLATTER, WITH A FRIEZE OF RACING CHARIOTS AND VICTORIES, DATING FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.

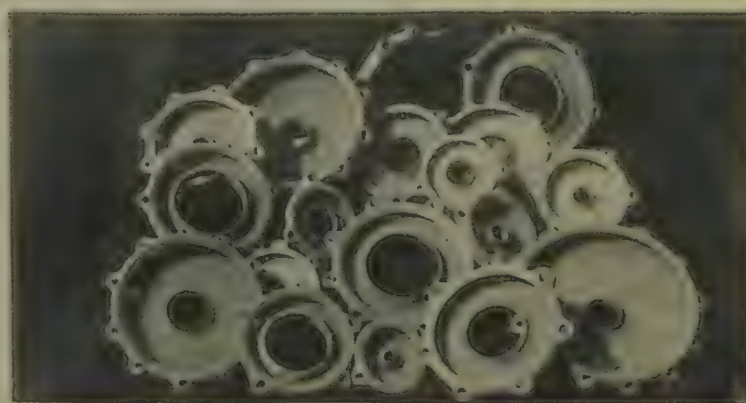


FIG. 8.—"SAUCER-SHAPED, WITH NUMEROUS APERTURES FOR THE FLAME": VOTIVE LAMPS (KERNOI) FOUND HEAPED TOGETHER IN AND NEAR THE LOWER OF THE TWO ROUND ALTARS.

The new discoveries at Girgenti, in Sicily, described on the opposite page by Mrs. A. M. Austin, are of special interest to British readers as being due to the munificence of an Englishman, Captain Alexander Hardcastle. Besides the excavation of the archaic sanctuary of Demeter, which, as Mrs. Austin says, was "discovered immured in the Norman church of 'San Biagio,'" work has

been carried out elsewhere on the site, and there have been found parts of the Greek theatre, and, at the temple of Hera, a marble pavement and painted roof-tiles. The reconstructed giant, or Telamon, of the temple of Zeus, has been proved to lack one section across the breast, and to have come from the outer wall of the temple, where other fragments of the figure have been found.



# PERSONAL PORTRAITS—BY WALTER TITTLE. HUGH WALPOLE.

IN response to a note expressing a desire to add Mr. Hugh Walpole to my gallery of portraits of British literati, I received promptly a very cheery and cordial reply written upon the stationery of the American Embassy in Brussels. I knew him to be possessed of many American friends; on this occasion he was the guest of some of them in the Belgian capital.

He would be in London for a couple of days only, *en route* to Scotland, and asked me to ring him on the telephone. I did this on the day of his arrival, and an hour for our meeting was arranged. I found him at the house of a friend in Mayfair. His reception of me was as pleasant as his cordial letter had led me to expect. The day was really an achievement even for London's pitiless climate, with rain descending in torrents and the light at times almost completely obscured. As I remarked to Mr. Walpole at the time, sculpture would have been a better medium for that day than crayon; the sense of touch might have been of some assistance to me in the former.

When the fitful light permitted, I began to appraise my subject. Of medium height and stocky build, with abundance of colour in his smooth face, he was a picture of robust health. His blond hair was fast deserting the ample dome of his head, and his light-blue eyes looked at me through thick lenses. They seemed the overworked eyes of a hard student, and bore considerable likeness to those of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, though here the similarity in the appearance of the two men began and ended. From his broad, high forehead a straight nose descended; the outstanding characteristic of his small mouth was a slight prominence of the lower lip.

As I produced the crayons to start my sketch, Mr. Walpole's interest was at once aroused. My portfolio contained several portrait drawings; one of Arnold Bennett pleased him, and drew forth expressions of admiration and affection for that excellent writer. A drawing of Joseph Conrad

had a similar effect, and I recalled hearing the Conrads express a warm regard for Mr. Walpole. A biography of the great novelist was one of the products of the younger man. As a result of his examination of these pictures, the fact developed that my sitter was an ardent collector of prints, and a goodly proportion of the subsequent conversation hung upon the names of Rembrandt, Durer, Méryon, Whistler, and more recent men such as Muirhead Bone and James McBey. Rare books are also a passion with him, and in these two kindred quests he finds pleasant relaxation from his literary labours.

I proceeded with the task in hand as rapidly as the fitful changes from darkness to twilight would permit, and soon Mr. Walpole confided to me that

novel, he withdraws to some congenial and secluded spot out of reach of social distractions, emerging only when the task in hand is completed. He then devotes an approximately equal length of time to his friends, and such amusements as claim his fancy. Golf is a favourite pastime, as well as travel, and, being unmarried, he can indulge them without restraint.

He was quite pleased with the sketch upon its completion, saying that I had fortunately chosen the viewpoint that made him least plain, adding that the darkness of the day had probably been his ally after all. As I departed, a light in the sky gleaming through the mist across the quiet old square held better promise for his eagerly anticipated excitements of the afternoon.

I was not alone in my anxiety about the weather. For many years he and John Drinkwater had attended together the annual football match between Oxford and Cambridge, and that very afternoon was the one for the great event. His eagerness to see this contest was evident, and greatly augmented by a rivalry that existed between him and Mr. Drinkwater, inasmuch as they held allegiance to different sides. Mr. Walpole is a Cambridge man, while his friend's loyalty to Oxford is most intense, as he had spent his school-days there. An unlimited amount of "ragging" was in store for the man whose chosen team suffered defeat, but, until the battle was concluded, each could indulge himself in alternate boasting and aspersion to his heart's content. The telephone rang as I was being told of the exciting afternoon there was in store, and an earnest consultation about weather conditions followed, his companion being on the wire. They agreed to chance it, whatever the prospects, and arranged the hour when Mr. Drinkwater would arrive with his car.

Mr. Walpole is one of the many writers who have sprung from that particularly prolific literary breeding-ground, the manse. He is a son of the Bishop of Edinburgh. I have been told that, when he writes a

WALTER TITTLE.

WALTER TITTLE'S PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST: MR. HUGH WALPOLE.



# THE STEFANSSON ARCTIC MYSTERY SOLVED AFTER ELEVEN YEARS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL.



WHERE THE  
PARTY LED BY  
THE "KARLAK'S"  
DOCTOR DIED  
FROM  
STARVATION AND  
EXPOSURE,  
AFTER HAVING  
TRIED TO BUILD  
A SHELTER:  
THE DISCOVERY  
OF THE REMAINS  
ON HERALD  
ISLAND.



THE SOLUTION  
OF AN  
ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD  
ARCTIC MYSTERY:  
THE DOG-SLEDGE  
AND CAMP  
SUPPLIES OF THE  
LOST STEFANSSON  
PARTY, AS  
FOUND ON  
HERALD ISLAND  
BY  
MR. H. A. SNOW.

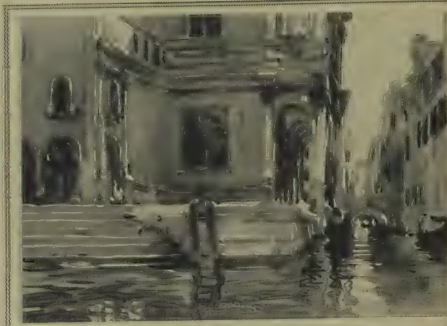
When Stefansson's ship, the "Karlak," was smashed by the Arctic ice eleven years ago, the expedition split up into two parties, each seeking safety in its own way. One, with Stefansson himself as its leader, endured great hardships, but reached its destination. The second party, which was under the vessel's doctor, was less fortunate, and what happened to it was a mystery until June 23 last, on which date Mr. H. A. Snow, the hunter and photographer, returned to New York after a two-years' sojourn in the Arctic and reported that he had discovered

the remains of the five men of the second party on Herald Island, some sixty-five miles from the place where the "Karlak" was wrecked. Death had evidently come from starvation and exposure—and had come quickly, for there was a shelter only partly made. Mr. Snow buried the remains, but brought back certain personal belongings of the lost adventurers, for identification purposes. Herald Island is north of the Siberian coast, near Wrangel Island. The master of Mr. Snow's ship raised the U.S. flag over it and claimed it for his country.



## SARGENT AS LANDSCAPE-PAINTER: HIS

By COURTESY OF MESSRS.



SWISS MOUNTAIN SCENERY: "THE SIMPLOW, CHAËTS IN A VALLEY."  
(28 IN. BY 36 IN.) BY THE LATE JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.



SARGENT AS AN ANIMAL-PAINTER IN THE BALEARIC ISLES: "HORSES  
AT PALMA, MAJORCA." (20½ IN. BY 27½ IN.)



SARGENT GROUP-PORTRAITURE UNDER ITALIAN SKIES: "AT TORRE GALLI,  
FLORENCE: LADIES IN A GARDEN." (28 IN. BY 36 IN.)



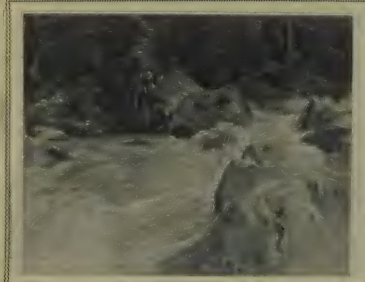
SARGENT PAINTS THE HUMAN FIGURE AS A DETAIL IN ALPINE LANDSCAPE:  
"A VIEW IN THE SIMPLOW VALLEY." (37 IN. BY 45 IN.)

## LESS-KNOWN SIDE IN A COMING SALE.

CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



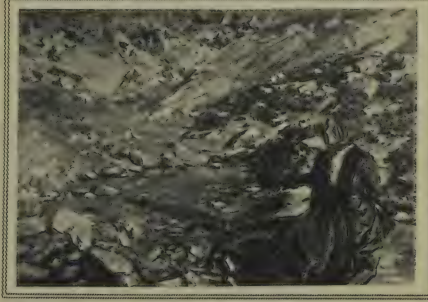
ANOTHER VENETIAN PICTURE BY SARGENT: "THE ENTRANCE TO SANTA MARIA  
DELLA SALUTE, VENICE." (25 IN. BY 36 IN.)



NORWEGIAN  
LANDSCAPE AS  
DEPICTED BY  
SARGENT'S  
BRUSH:  
"A TORRENT  
IN NORWAY."  
(22 IN. BY  
28 IN.)



A SARGENT PICTURE OF AN ITALIAN WATERSIDE SCENE: "SAN VIGILIO:  
A BOAT WITH GOLDEN SAIL." (22 IN. BY 28 IN.)



SARGENT PORTRAITURE IN A LANDSCAPE SETTING: "A LADY SEATED  
BY AN ALPINE POOL." (30½ IN. BY 44 IN.)



SARGENT PORTRAYS A FELLOW-ARTIST IN A FOREST SETTING: "CLAUDE  
MONET PAINTING BY THE EDGE OF A WOOD." (20½ IN. BY 25½ IN.)



SARGENT INSPIRED BY THE BEAUTY OF ITALIAN BUILDING: "A STUDY  
OF ARCHITECTURE, FLORENCE." (28 IN. BY 35 IN.)

Very great interest attaches to the forthcoming sale at Christie's, on July 24 and 27, of "Pictures and Water-Colour Drawings by J. S. Sargent, R.A., and Works by Other Artists, the property of the late John Singer Sargent, R.A., D.C.L., LL.D." Sargent's fame rested, of course, mainly on his portraiture, in which he was the acknowledged master of his time. His work as a landscape-painter is comparatively little known, and the peculiar attraction of the sale catalogue lies in the fact that it includes so many examples representing this unfamiliar side of his genius. Apart from their artistic quality, the pictures possess the charm of variety, and indicate the master's love of travel and large outlook on the world. His range extended far over Europe. The catalogue

shows that he painted and drew landscape or architectural scenes in Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Spain, and the Balearic Isles, England, Norway, Egypt, Palestine, and Constantinople. We reproduce above twelve of the most interesting Sargent landscapes included in the sale. There is also another section comprising portraits and figure studies, whose appeal needs no reinforcement. It may be noted, in this connection, that the new Claridge Gallery, in Brook Street, began its career auspiciously, the other day, with a loan exhibition consisting almost entirely of water-colour landscapes by Sargent. The proceeds of the sale of catalogues at this exhibition are being given to the National Art-Collections Fund.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ONE of London's finest new buildings, Bush House, whose symbolic statuary has just been unveiled, is dedicated "to the friendship of English-speaking peoples." It stands for that growing fusion of what is best in the British and the American spirit, which, after all, may save the world. The welding process, I rejoice to observe, is at work in society, sport, travel, science, scholarship, archaeology, and many other things; whether it will ever lead to political fusion remains to be seen, and perhaps it does not seriously matter. In the realm of books, at any rate, the friendship of English-writing peoples is firmly cemented, and English literature tends to mean, more and more, literature written in English, into which that of the Dominions and the United States is merging. Mr. James Cabell, in his new volume of essays (of which more anon) refers, indeed, to "the British branch of American literature"; but that is only his playful way of suggesting that the two are one. This week we are concerned also with another American work, about a master of English prose who passed twenty years of his life across the Atlantic.

Never was there such a racially complicated personality as that of Lafcadio Hearn, the interpreter of Japan to the West. While the last phase of his career, spent in that country, produced the books that brought him fame, the earlier episodes present a far stranger kaleidoscope of places and influences. The story is one of piquant, if sometimes painful, interest, and it is told frankly, impartially, and with literary skill, in "LAFCADIO HEARN'S AMERICAN DAYS." By Edward Larcocque Tinker. Designed and Illustrated by the Author (The Bodley Head; 18s. net).

The illustrations include woodcuts by the author of scenes in New Orleans connected with Hearn, facsimiles of wood blocks engraved from Hearn's own drawings, and a portrait-sketch of him (back view) by C. D. Weldon. Hearn's wood blocks, which appeared in American papers on whose staff he was employed, show a very considerable talent in humorous cartoon-drawing and satiric verse. Mr. Tinker's own woodcuts, while artistically charming, and appropriate enough as chapter headings and tail-pieces, strike me as hardly adequate for the main duty of illustrating the Hearn topography and portraiture. I am Philistine enough to think that a little more pictorial realism would not have been out of place in a biography that is avowedly realistic.

Though dealing with Hearn's "American days," the author has very rightly felt that a preliminary sketch of his parentage and boyhood was a necessary key to a highly complex character. He recalls that Hearn's father was a dashing Anglo-Irish officer—with a "Don Juan" temperament and a strain of Gypsy blood—in a British infantry regiment, and that this Major Hearn, while quartered in the Ionian islands, then in British occupation, married "a lovely Greek girl—Rosa Tessima." The late Mr. Edward Thomas, in his "Lafcadio Hearn," gives the mother's maiden name as Rosa Cerigote, and mentions that "the Hearns are said to have been a Dorsetshire family . . . settled since the seventeenth century in Ireland."

Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos Hearn ("to give him," as Mr. Tinker puts it, "the full benefit of his staggering patronymic") was born on June 27, 1850, on the isle of Santa Maura, or Lefkada. This was the ancient Leucas or Leucadia, the scene of Sappho's fabled suicide from the Leucadian Rock (a cliff 2000 ft. high) and thought by some to have been the island home of Odysseus, rather than the neighbouring isle of Ithaca. It was from Lefkada that Hearn took the name Lafcadio, and its intriguing strangeness has perhaps contributed not a little to his reputation. His own career was as much a literary Odyssey as that of Stevenson.

"The Greek progenitors of most of the island families," writes Mr. Tinker, "had miscegenated with both Moors and Arabs. . . . It is almost certain that the young Lafcadio was a queer sort of human cocktail, having a little dash of everything—English, Gypsy, Irish, Greek, Arab, and Moor. . . . Warring inherited instincts were to have a large part in moulding his life, for they made of his soul a battleground. Frank Oriental sensuousness was shamed, but not curbed, by Anglo-Saxon self-control. Gallic expansiveness tried to break through Arab impassivity."

The Gallic ingredient, by the way, is not accounted for genealogically, though Hearn may have acquired it, for at eighteen he was in France, and ran away from a Jesuit school to taste the joys of Paris.

His upbringing afforded almost as much variety as his lineage. At the age of two, he was taken to Dublin, where his mother (on returning to Greece) left him with his father's aunt, a strict Roman Catholic. After five years at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, the boy announced that he was a Pantheist, "refused to recant, and so was ignominiously sacked." Then followed the French school, the Paris escapade, and a period in London, of which little is known. By this time Hearn's father had married again, and took no interest in him, so his aunt shipped him to America.

It is at this point, in 1869, when Hearn was nineteen, that Mr. Tinker's detailed narrative begins. He has diligently gathered letters and reminiscences from many people who either knew Hearn personally or possess records, and it would seem, though the author does not definitely say so, that much of this material was hitherto unpublished. At any rate, it has been treated on fresh lines. I find it stated in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which refers to Elizabeth Bisland's biography of Hearn and another memoir, that regarding his American days

combined with unflagging efforts towards one goal—"to translate beauty into words." There has certainly been no attempt to whitewash him in this book, which is an example of the modern candid biography, and withholds nothing of his sensual propensities. How far such intimate disclosures are desirable may be a matter of opinion, but times have changed since Tennyson likened a biographer to a bird of prey. The modern celebrity has acquired a taste for self-dissection in public. If anything, I suspect, he rather enjoys the prospect of the "carrion vulture" waiting for him, dead or alive—

To tear his heart before the crowd.

Formerly, people were more reticent and secretive. Tom Moore had to destroy the incautious confessions of Byron, and even so exemplary a person as Matthew Arnold shrank from the posthumous talons; so that Marguerite remains a poetic myth.

This vexed question—to publish or not to publish—is touched casually in the essays already mentioned, namely, "BEYOND LIFE," by James Branch Cabell, author of "Jurgin" (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net). "All this," he remarks to John Charteris, "will be an interesting trait for the Authorised Biography—when some unusually discreet person has been retained to edit and censor the story of your life."

Mr. Cabell is thus on the side of the angels, who fear to tread where candid chroniclers rush in. Personally, I hunt with the pack, and am all for publicity and the whole truth about an author, or anyone else. Perhaps that is why I cannot quite agree with Mr. Cabell in his contempt of realism, as when he derides "this vital falsity of 'being true to life.'"

His whole book is a glorification, almost an apotheosis, of romance as opposed to realism, and he appears to think that romance is the invention of certain writers and is not inherent in ordinary life. According to him, there is nothing romantic in real love and marriage. Romance is a vague word, hard to define, and has different meanings to different people. That "old romance," by whose shores Wordsworth sat, for example, was not quite the same as the romance that "brought up the nine-fifteen." Mr. Cabell presumably would see no romance in the centenary of railways. I am no enemy of romance, but I would seek it in the world of reality as well as among the fantasies of imagination.

One may enjoy a book, however, without accepting all its doctrine, and Mr. Cabell's essays are thoroughly enjoyable, full of delightful irony, unconventional philosophy, and critical allusions innumerable. He is on easy terms with a bewildering galaxy of writers past and present, but his chief hero is Christopher Marlowe. His title is taken from Milton—"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." And who, it may be asked, is John Charteris? He is the possessor of a marvellous library, containing books "that never were on sea or land," and Mr. Cabell recalls that "aforetime" he "likened him to a quizzical black parrot." He is the mouthpiece of Mr. Cabell's confession of literary faith, which begins as a dialogue and devolves into a monologue. Charteris reminds me slightly of the Professor at the Breakfast Table, except that, after the first chapter, he does all the talking himself. He is more autocratic than the Autocrat. He took up his parable at 9 p.m., and did not put it down till dawn.

There is only one thing to which I seriously object in Mr. Cabell and some other American writers, and that is the use of the word "loan" as a verb instead of a noun. It may be pedantic and old-fashioned, and all that, but somehow I cannot fancy Shakespeare saying, "Loan me your ears," or "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." On this analogy we might be expected to pray: "Gift us this day our daily bread." America, however, has no monopoly in the corruption of the English language, for I have heard it said in London—"Give us a lend of that book." Personally, whenever I am fool enough to neglect the excellent advice of Polonius, I prefer to lend a loan, rather than to loan a lend.

C. E. B.



REOPENED ONLY TO BE HALF CLOSED AGAIN OWING TO ROAD REPAIRS: WATERLOO BRIDGE WITH TRAFFIC RESUMED—SHOWING THE NEW TEMPORARY STEEL BRIDGE (RIGHT) AND SOMERSET HOUSE (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND).

Waterloo Bridge was reopened to traffic, for its last period of service in its present form, at midnight on June 30, but on July 2 the south-to-north traffic was again stopped, for a week or two, owing to road repairs begun that morning at the Strand corner of Wellington Street, while north-to-south traffic continued. Some lack of *liaison* between different authorities, often noticeable in road affairs, seems to be indicated. Our photograph was taken between the reopening and the second stoppage. The bridge engineer recently stated that the temporary steel structure would be ready for traffic early in August. It contains 2500 tons of steel, and is very strong. The ultimate fate of the old stone bridge is still under the consideration of the L.C.C.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

"the details are obscure." Now that Mr. Tinker has lifted the veil, they are obscure no longer.

After landing in New York, young Hearn went through a hand-to-mouth period reminiscent of Francis Thompson, until sheer necessity forced him to avail himself of an introduction in Cincinnati. There, and later in New Orleans, he experienced journalistic drudgery, varied by visits to the West Indies. He finally left America in 1890, and spent the rest of his life in Japan, where he died in 1904.

The painful element in Hearn's story is the sense of a fine mind and genial nature embittered by an unsympathetic home, early hardships, and a physical disability. An accident at school destroyed the sight of his left eye and caused the other to swell to twice its natural size. This made him highly sensitive and suspicious that he was repulsive, especially to women. But that he could overcome this self-consciousness, and had real kindness of heart, often appears, notably in the anecdote of his being hailed as "Dick Dead-Eye," by a little boy who had just seen "Pinafore," and of his efforts to console the boy's mother for the dropping of this very awkward "brick." Hearn had strong prejudices and a touchy temper. It is painful, too, to read his insulting letters from Japan, soon after his arrival, to his American publishers; but they knew their man, and were wonderfully forbearing. The ebullition was due to ill-health and depressing circumstances.

Hearn's life in America is described as "His 'Pilgrim's Progress' through the slough of unleashed passions,"



## THEIR EIGHTY-SEVENTH MATCH: OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE, AT LORD'S.



BEGINNING THE WEEK  
OF "THE BATTLES  
OF THE BLUES":  
CAMBRIDGE GOING  
OUT TO FIELD  
AFTER LUNCH.



THE WICKET-KEEPER WATCHING IN THE HOPE THAT THE BATSMAN WILL LIFT  
HIS FOOT: M. B. SHERWELL AND P. H. STEWART-BROWN.



GOING OUT TO BAT FOR OXFORD: J. L. GUISE (THE CAPTAIN)  
AND P. H. STEWART-BROWN.



THE OXFORD CAPTAIN PLAYS A BALL FROM K. S. DULEEPSINHJI TO SHORT LEG:  
J. L. GUISE IN ACTION.



OF THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM: K. S. DULEEPSINHJI ("THE TULIP"), S. T. JAGGER,  
AND L. G. CRAWLEY.



"THE TULIP" BOWLING: K. S. DULEEPSINHJI, OF THE CAMBRIDGE  
ELEVEN, IN ACTION.

The match played at Lord's this week by Oxford and Cambridge Universities was the eighty-seventh of its kind. Oxford went into the field with thirty-six victories; and Cambridge with forty-one. It is interesting to note that both this year's Captains play Association football as well. J. L. Guise, the Oxford captain, was in the "Soccer" eleven at Winchester for three years, and was captain for two; he was in the cricket eleven for two years, and captain for one. C. T.

Bennett, the Cambridge captain, is a double "Blue," having been goal-keeper in the last University match. He was in the Harrow eleven for five years. Kumar Shri Duleepsinhji—commonly called "The Tulip"—is a nephew of "Ranji," and is following in his footsteps, and his cricket career will be followed with great interest. This week has been called that of the Battles of the Blues, for the University match was due to be followed by Eton v. Harrow.



# FOMENTED BY BOLSHEVISTS: DANGEROUS PEKING DEMONSTRATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



A HOLD-UP DUE TO THE STUDENTS' PROCESSIONS THROUGH THE CITY: A BIG TRAMWAY "BLOCK" IN PEKING.



ILLUSTRATING THE UNREST DECLARED TO BE LARGELY DUE TO SOVIET PROPAGANDA: WOMEN STUDENTS PARADING.



WITH PICTURES: A PROCLAMATION STATING "THE BRITISH AND JAPANESE FOREIGN DEVILS HAVE KILLED CHINESE."



SHOWING SMALL CHILDREN TAKING PART IN THE DEMONSTRATIONS: A STUDENTS' PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH A PEKING STREET—THE ONLOOKERS SEEMINGLY LITTLE INTERESTED.



AMIDST A CROWD NOT SUPERFICIALLY CONCERNED WITH THEIR DOINGS: STUDENTS, MANY OF THEM VERY YOUNG, ON A DEMONSTRATION MARCH.



HOW ENMITY AND STRIFE ARE STIRRED UP IN THE FAR EAST: THE CROWD LISTENING TO A STREET SPEAKER.

As noted in our issue of July 4, there were serious anti-foreign demonstrations in Peking on June 3, following considerable earlier trouble at Shanghai. Some eight thousand students paraded the city in a procession miles long, and there were chanted such cries as "Down with Imperialism," "Down with the Religion of Jesus," "Kill all British and Japanese," and so forth. One party even attempted to enter the Legation quarter. "Soviet propaganda," said the "Times" corre-

spondent, "has contributed greatly to the student unrest, but Nationalism . . . is a growth long antedating the advent of Bolsheviks." In this connection, it is well to note that, in a lecture at the Chin-Kua College in Peking, on "The Soviet Union and the Peoples of the East," the Soviet Ambassador, Karakhan, drew a parallel between the fight against Imperialism, as conducted by the Union of Soviet Republics, and China.



## IN PARLIAMENT WITH A PENCIL: SKETCHES IN "THE HOUSE."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



## THE PERSONAL SIDE OF PARLIAMENT: SKETCH-PORTRAITS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

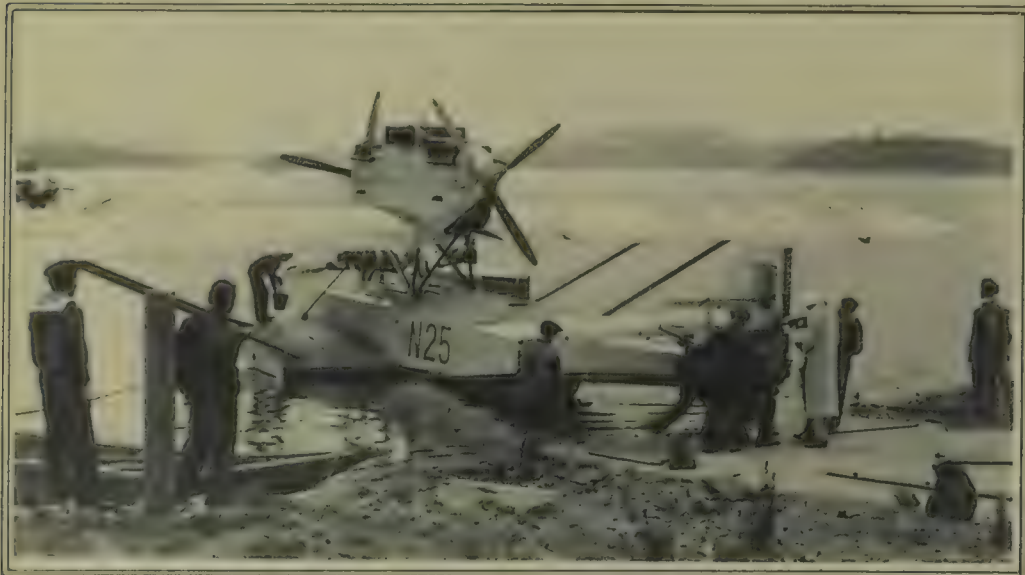
We here continue the series of sketch-portraits made by our special artist, Mr. Steven Spurrier, during debates in the House of Commons.—It was on June 29 that Mr. Macdonald moved the Labour Vote of Censure: "That this House has no confidence in a Government which, after a lengthy period of industrial depression, and confronted by a rapid and alarming growth in the numbers of unemployed, has failed to take measures to deal with a situation of

unprecedented gravity." The result of the division was a majority of 230 against the motion.—Miss Wilkinson, desiring to raise a point of order, found it necessary to borrow Mr. Day's straw hat, the rules of the House making the wearing of a hat necessary.—The President of the Board of Trade, reviewing the trade position and prospects on July 6, said that no accurate picture could be given until the Census of Production was complete.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# CAMERA RECORDS: AMUNDSEN'S WELCOME TO OSLO; AND HOME TOPICS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.P., KEYSTONE, AND LODGE.



GETTING THE "N.25," ONE OF AMUNDSEN'S NORTH-POLE FLIGHT MACHINES, READY FOR THE EXPLORER'S JOURNEY TO OSLO: AT HORTEN AFTER THE ROUND-THE-COAST FLIGHT.



AT OSLO, AFTER THE RETURN FROM HIS FLIGHT: CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN (CENTRE) ACKNOWLEDGING HIS WELCOME.



ON THE WAY TO THE ROYAL PALACE, WHERE AMUNDSEN RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL "FOR A PATRIOTIC DEED," AND HIS COMRADES WERE ALSO HONOURED: THE EXPEDITION DRIVING THROUGH OSLO.



ENJOYING THE UNUSUAL HEAT IN LONDON: A LIONESS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.



THE KING'S PATRONAGE OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT CHESTER: THE ENTRANCE HALL IN THE ROYAL PAVILION.

Captain Roald Amundsen reached Spitsbergen on June 18, four weeks after the beginning of his attempt to fly to the North Pole. When his two 'planes descended on to the water of a lane in the ice about 136 geographical miles short of the Pole, 'plane "N. 25" became locked between a mass of ice, and "N. 24" was frozen in. After many days "N. 25" was got clear and was dragged from the pack ice to a starting-place levelled some distance away. The flight for home was begun on June 15, and the party reached North Cape, North-East Land. There they went aboard the Norwegian ship, "Sjoeliv," and

the 'plane was taken in tow, finally to be renovated that Amundsen might make that triumphal flight round the coast of Norway which ended at Horten and Oslo. Amundsen's next projected flight is to Alaska, to explore the extensive unknown area between Alaska and the Pole, but the details of his plans have not yet been arranged.—The King was due to attend the show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, at Chester, on Wednesday, July 8, and thus continue a long history of royal patronage which began in the days of Queen Victoria, in the second year of whose reign it was founded.



WIMBLEDON ANAGLYPHS: "STARS OF TOURNAMENT" SEEN IN RELIEF.





# "THE MECCA OF FOXHUNTERS": JUDGING HOUNDS IN THE RING AT PETERBOROUGH.

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



JUDGING THE BEST COUPLES OF "UNENTERED" HOUNDS: A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE PETERBOROUGH AGRICULTURAL SHOW, TO BE HELD AGAIN THIS MONTH.

The Peterborough Agricultural Show, which is to be held this year on July 14, 15 and 16, is an event of great interest in the hunting world, for there may be seen the best hounds from "the Shires" and other foxhunting districts. Not without reason, therefore, has Mr. Lionel Edwards, the well-known sporting artist, entitled his drawing, "The Mecca of Foxhunters." It shows, as he further explains, "a general view of the judging of the best couples of

unentered hounds." He adds that green coats, instead of scarlet, are worn by officials of the Heythrop, Silverton, and Beaufort Hunts. The meaning of the terms "entered" and "unentered" hounds is indicated in the "Encyclopædia of Sport" thus: "As for offences in the field, which cannot be found out until the hound has been 'entered' (in common English, taught his business), there are many which can be eradicated, but others seem to be ingrained."





# Women Drivers

*Do they realise the relation of engine lubrication to both petty and serious driving problems?*

More and more men drivers are realising the importance of using the correct oil in their cars. To their wives who drive the car during the week, the importance of scientific lubrication is even greater.

Driving problems, troublesome enough for men drivers, become more serious when a woman is at the wheel.

Of the driving problems which bother women, perhaps the most important are—

1. Difficult starting.
2. Heavy gear change.
3. Misfiring due to fouled sparking plugs.

These troubles, and many others, can frequently be traced to faulty lubrication.

The continued use of the grade of Mobiloil specified in the Chart of Recommendations ensures maximum freedom from starting delays and roadside breakdowns.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart on the right, refer to the complete Chart at your garage or write for a copy of our booklet "Correct Lubrication," which contains a full list of recommendations, together with useful information to the motorist.



## Mobiloil

*Make the Chart your Guide*

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1

Belfast Birmingham Bradford Bristol Cardiff Dublin Dundee Glasgow Hull Liverpool Manchester Newcastle-on-Tyne Sheffield

### Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION)

## MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyl Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

**How to** E means Gargoyl Mobiloil "E"  
**Read the** Arc means Gargoyl Mobiloil "Arc"  
**Chart:** A means Gargoyl Mobiloil "A"  
BB means Gargoyl Mobiloil "BB"  
TT means Gargoyl Mobiloil "TT"  
B means Gargoyl Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.B.C. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 4-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 6-Cyl. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Amilcar ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Angus-Sanderson ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ansaldi ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Argyll, 12 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Argyll, 15/30 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Ariel ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Berliet ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B.S.A., 10 h.p. ...	BB	B	BB	B	BB	B	BB	B
B.S.A., 14 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
B.S.A. (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Buick ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chenard-Walker ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler, 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Daimler (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
De Dion Bouton ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delage (6-Cyl.), 40/50 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delage (All Other Models) ...	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Delahaye, 10, 12 & 15 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delahaye (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delaunay-Belleville, 15.9 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delaunay-Belleville (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Essex ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford ...	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Hampton, 11/35 and 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hampton (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hispano-Suiza ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super Six ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber, 8 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Isotta-Fraschini ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lancia) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lancia (All other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lea-Francis ...	A	A	A	A	BB	A	A	A
Metallurgique, 12/15 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	BB	A	A	A
Metallurgique (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	BB	A	A	A
Morris-Cowley ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nash ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland, 13.9 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard Eight ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige, 20/25 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (All Other Models) ...	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rhode ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rochet-Schneider (12 & 14 h.p.) ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rochet-Schneider (All Other Models) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rolls-Royce ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 9/20 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) ...	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
S.P.A. (24.6 Cyl. & 27.4 Cyl.) ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
S.P.A. (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Spiker ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Steyr ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p. ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vinot ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Voisin, 8 & 10 h.p. ...	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Voisin, 18 h.p. ...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Windsor ...	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wolsley ...	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

#### GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

#### REMEMBER:

Ask for Gargoyl Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyl Mobiloil "A" or Gargoyl Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.



# BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. XVIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



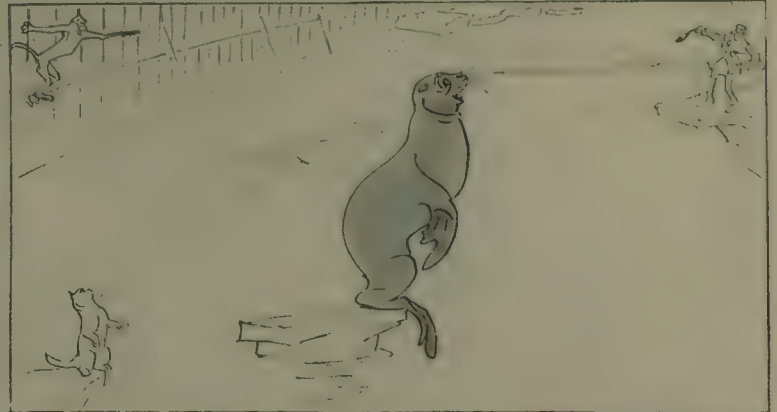
"It's nearly feeding time, Blinx."



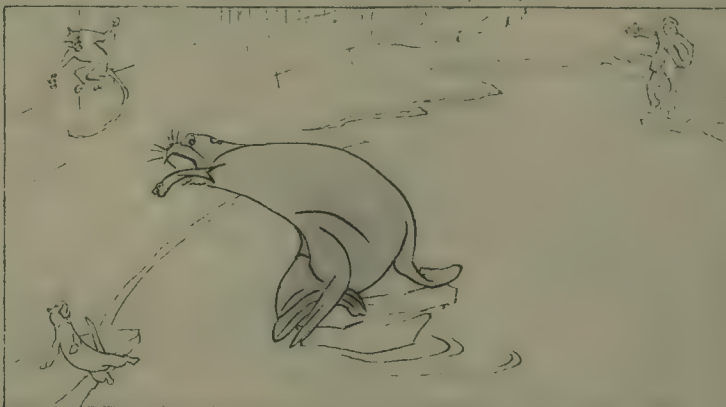
"Look out; here's the Keeper with the fish!"



"Better luck next time, Blinx."



"Here comes another one!"



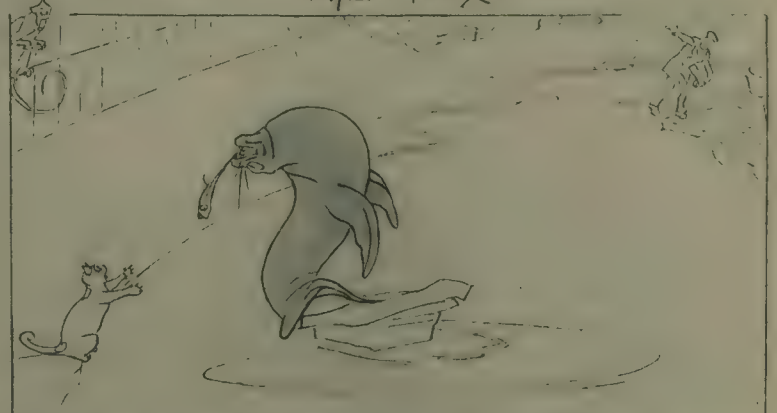
"That's a good fish, Blinx!"



"After it, Blinx!"



"Don't miss this one!"



"Hi, catch it, Blinx; it's the last one!"



"He's finished, Blinx—mind the splash!"



"I expect I shall hear more about this, thought Bunda"

## WHEREIN BUNDA FOOLS BLINX, AND THE SEA LION BRINGS OFF SOME BRILLIANT CATCHES.

"You are fond of fish, Blinx," said Bunda. "Well, you wait behind the Sea Lion at feeding-time, and then you can pick up the fish he misses." Now the Sea Lion is a brilliant "field," and never misses a catch under

any circumstances! Bunda knew this fact quite well. Blinx did not—then—but he does now. (N.B.—We suspect that Bunda will hear more about this fishy affair.)—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS, A DISCOVERY, AND A SYMBOL.



THE LATEST "REVOLUTION" IN GREECE, DUE TO ARMY UNREST: IN ATHENS AFTER THE PANGALOS COUP D'ÉTAT.



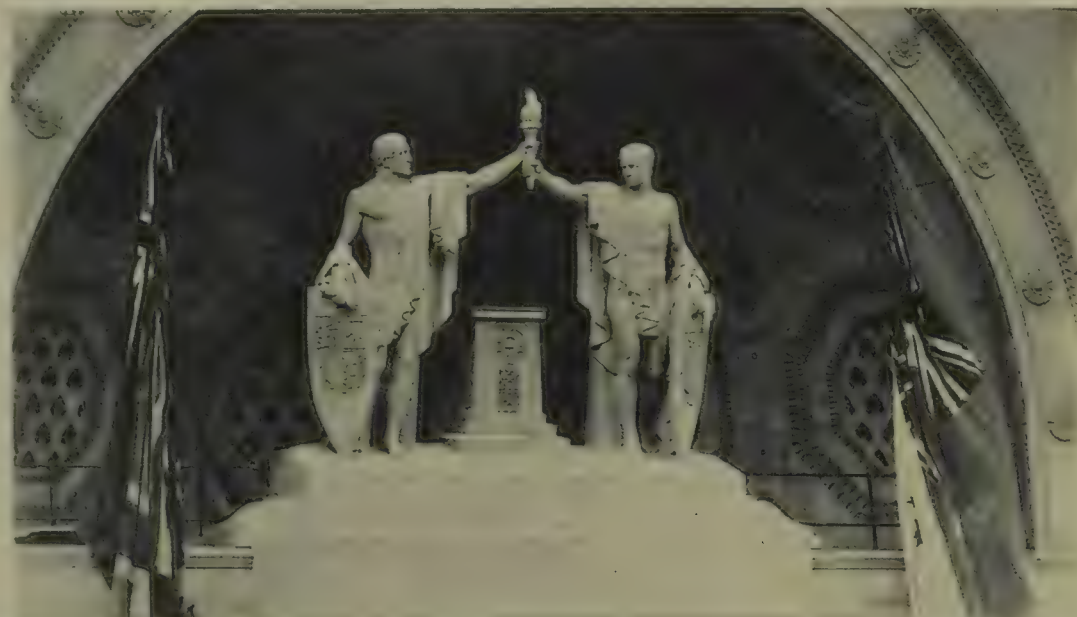
DRAWING VAST CROWDS, WHICH MADE A REGULAR PROCESSION IMPOSSIBLE: THE FUNERAL OF MR. C. R. DAS, IN CALCUTTA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SWAZILAND: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GREETED BY FOUR THOUSAND WARRIORS AT M'BABANE.



LONG HIDDEN IN A REREDOS, BUT NOW ON VIEW IN THE PRADO MUSEUM, MADRID: AN EL GRECO "ST. LAURENCE."



AFTER THE UNVEILING BY LORD BALFOUR, ON INDEPENDENCE DAY: THE BIG "FRIENDSHIP OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES" GROUP ON BUSH HOUSE.

Unrest in the Greek Army at the intention of the Hellenic Government to inflict disciplinary penalties upon officers taking part in political demonstrations brought about a coup d'état on June 25, when General Pangalos's forces seized various strategic points in Athens and the General issued an ultimatum that the Michalakopoulos Cabinet should resign at once. General Pangalos then announced that, as chief of the Revolution, he would tolerate no disobedience. Later he formed a Cabinet, with himself as Prime Minister.—The funeral of Mr. C. R. Das drew crowds so vast that the regular procession could not be formed.—

The Swazi warriors who welcomed the Prince of Wales have a remarkable whistling chorus, "like the screech of a passing train."—The "St. Laurence," by El Greco, which is reproduced on this page, and is now to be seen at the Prado Museum, is one of the earliest works by the painter, and was done soon after his arrival in Spain from Italy. For long it was hidden under the dust of ages, in the higher part of a reredos in the College of Monforte de Lemos, at Monforte, Galicia. There it was discovered last summer.—Miss Malvina Hoffman's group symbolises the friendship of English-speaking peoples.



# THE STROKES OF SUZANNE: THE CHAMPION FILMED IN ACTION.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. PATHÉ FRÈRES CINEMA, LTD.



## CUTTINGS OF THE FILM WHICH ANALYSES Mlle. LENGLEN'S FAVOURITE STROKES: THE WOMEN'S SINGLES CHAMPION—HER SERVICE, HER FOREHAND DRIVE, AND CHARACTERISTIC MOVEMENTS.

Messrs. Pathé Frères have released for exhibition a remarkably interesting film, "How I Play Tennis," which shows Mlle. Lenglen demonstrating her favourite strokes. This film is given in the ordinary way and by slow motion; so that movements may be analysed. That the picture is of more than usual value is obvious; for none would deny that Mlle. Lenglen is not only one of the most graceful, but certainly the finest lawn-tennis player in the history of

the game so far as women are concerned. The left outside strip (reading from the top of the page to the bottom) shows Mlle. Lenglen's service. No. 7 down shows the reverse spin being imparted to the ball. The strip on the right-hand side of the page illustrates Mlle. Lenglen's forehand drive. No. 4 down shows the extreme back-sweep of the racket before hitting the ball. No. 6 shows the turning over of the racket, after giving the top-spin to the ball.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDYK, RUSSELL, C.P., ROUGH, I.B., PHOTO. ILLUS., C.N.



THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, IN PLACE OF LORD CURZON: LORD CAVE.



NEW PERMANENT UNDER-SEC. FOR THE COLONIES: GEN. SIR SAMUEL H. WILSON.



WINNER OF THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS: MR. J. BERESFORD, JUN.



TO BE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GEN. SIR G. F. MILNE.



APPOINTED NEW BISHOP OF OXFORD: THE BISHOP OF RIPON.



THE WINNERS OF THE CHAMPION CUP FINAL AT HURLINGHAM: THE FAMOUS JODHPUR POLO TEAM; WITH THE MAHARAJAH OF JODHPUR HOLDING THE CUP.



THE UNVEILING OF THE "FRIENDSHIP OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES" STATUE ON BUSH HOUSE: MISS MALVINA HOFFMAN, THE SCULPTOR (LEFT CENTRE) AND LORD BALFOUR.



CAPTAIN OF ETON FOR THE ETON v. HARROW MATCH: MR. R. H. COBBOLD.



THE WINNER OF THE AIR RACE ROUND GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE KING'S CUP: CAPTAIN F. L. BARNARD—HIS WIFE, AND THE CUP.



CAPTAIN OF HARROW FOR THE ETON v. HARROW MATCH: MR. N. M. FORD.

Lord Cave, the Lord Chancellor, polled 987 votes; Lord Oxford and Asquith, 441. The vacancy was caused by the death of Lord Curzon of Kedleston.—Sir Samuel H. Wilson, K.C.M.G., is at present Governor of Jamaica.—Mr. Beresford won the Diamonds easily in 8 min. 28 sec. D. H. L. Gollan was the other finalist. Beresford had previously beaten W. M. Hoover.—General Sir George Francis Milne will take up his new post on February 19, 1926. He is fifty-eight. During the Great War he saw service at the battles of the Marne and the Aisne; at Gallipoli; and at Salonika, where, in May 1916, he took over the British command from Sir Bryan Mahon. After the surrender of Turkey, he marched

into Constantinople and his army became the Army of the Black Sea. In June 1923 he was appointed to the Eastern Command.—The final round of the Champion Cup resulted in a win for the Maharajah of Jodhpur's team, which beat the Duke of Westminster's Eaton team by eight goals to six.—Lord Balfour unveiled Miss Malvina Hoffman's group, over the portal of Bush House, facing Kingsway, on July 4, Independence Day. In doing so, he spoke of the friendship of the English-speaking peoples as of great practical importance to the future of mankind.—Captain F. L. Barnard flew a Siskin V. single-seater Scout, fitted with a 395 Jaguar air-cooled radial engine. He averaged 151.43 miles an hour.



## "HOURS OF HOLY JOY": THE SALVATION ARMY'S DIAMOND JUBILEE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



FROM THE EAST-END OF LONDON TO THE EAST END OF THE WORLD! THE GREAT GATHERING IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE TO CELEBRATE THE FOUNDATION OF THE SALVATION ARMY SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Some fifty thousand officers and rank and file of the Salvation Army were at the Crystal Palace on July 4, on the occasion of the great Rally to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the organisation. The proceedings lasted the whole day: there were, that is to say, in the words of the "Army" authorities themselves, "Twelve Hours of Holy Joy." In the course of his address, General Bramwell Booth said: "Sixty years ago to-morrow, the Salvation Army was founded by

my father, with the help of my dear mother. It had a simple and solemn beginning in the East-End of London, and from that it has gone out to the East End of the world. The flag to-day is flying in some eighty different States and communities, and the Army has penetrated the depths of human misery and sorrow." At the reception ceremony in the Central Transept, there were present thirty thousand Salvationists.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## BASIL DEAN SPEAKS OUT.—A YOUNG ENGLISH PRODUCER.

"UNDOUBTEDLY provincial theatre business is in a mess." These are the words of Mr. Basil Dean—hard, but true. He deplores the poor material placed before the local audiences, mostly toured plays which lose much of their attraction through second-hand interpretation by second-rate companies and bad selections. "He makes the fatal mistake," says Mr. Dean, of the provincial theatre proprietor, "of assuming that his patrons have tastes considerably lower than his own." As a remedy, he suggests that the owners of theatres in the provinces should break away from the regulation touring systems and come to London periodically to make their own selections, for they know what their public want.

If these suggestions were carried out, things would no doubt improve a little; but, in my opinion, much more should be done to raise the local theatres from the slough. The provinces should awaken to a theatrical life of their own. They should gradually cease to be a tributary of the London stage. It can be done. It is being done in some twelve cities in the realm, from Birmingham to smaller places like Huddersfield and Doncaster. But what are twelve cities in a nation of well over forty millions?

I firmly believe that in the future some kind of subsidy to theatres will become imperative in English boroughs. If somewhere a beginning were made—the theatre acquired by the township; the management conferred on a truly qualified experienced personality—in preference one who has made his mark as a producer; if a fraction were set aside from the rates for an annual endowment; and certain well thought-out rules were laid down by which it would be incumbent on the manager not only to find in London, but to produce during the year a certain number of new and original plays by English authors—then there would be hope and outlook for improvement.

Such policy would bring another problem nearer to solution. It would alleviate the fell question of theatrical unemployment, and relieve the many who despairingly eat their hearts out in the Metropolis in vain attempts to obtain an engagement.

On a former occasion I tried to prove that there are plenty of plays in the market that deserve

in hand and carrying away his Council in the spirit of the Crusader. When the first mayoral theatre is founded in England, the rest will follow. It is a pity that Mr. Dean is too busy to tackle the city fathers in our rich industrial centres. He should be the very man to carry conviction—and realisation.

At Wembley there is on view a series of scenic models by a young Englishman, Mr. W. Sinclair,



MR. GALSWORTHY'S INDICTMENT OF GHOUISH PUBLICITY IN CASES OF SUICIDE: "THE SHOW," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S—(L. TO R.) MISS HAIDÉE WRIGHT AS LADY MORECOMBE (THE DEAD MAN'S MOTHER), MR. FELIX AYLMEYER AS COLONEL ROLAND, MR. AUBREY MATHER AS AN EDITOR, AND MR. ELIOT MAKEHAM AS A NEWS EDITOR.

Mr. Galsworthy's new play, "The Show," indicts by realistic presentment the system by which on occasion Law, Press, and Public combine to make a sensation of private griefs, as in a case of suicide, and to expose irrelevant family "skeletons" in a way that causes unnecessary suffering to those concerned. In this case, one Colonel Morecombe has committed suicide for reasons which, it ultimately appears, had nothing to do with the secrets ferreted out by a detective and shouted from the house-tops in certain papers. The above scene shows an editor refusing to suppress news of the affair.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

which betoken much talent and a vivid imagination. There are sketches of "Twelfth Night," of "Kismet," of Dunsany's "Gods of the Mountain"—striking in boldness of conception, and wedding "a maximum of fact to a minimum of effort." They excel by simplicity, by colouring, by avoidance of overloading. His method is to leave something to the impressionism of mind of the spectator.

When, twelve years ago, Mr. Sinclair began his work as a producer among amateurs in Hong Kong, his scenic designs startled the colony by their ingenuity, and at first glance, as we behold them, they may appear reminiscent of Barker and Gordon Craig's settings. "But," said Mr. Sinclair, "far away in the East, I had never seen any of their work; as a matter of fact, my designs had been formed many years before, when I felt that production was the ideal of my ambition." And then

he told me a little romance. He had been the representative of a large commercial concern which closed its gates when war began. The whole of his spare hours were devoted to creating an interest in the drama among his fellow citizens. The response was immediate and surprising. Eagerly the amateurs rallied round his banner, and, with their implicit trust in their leader, he could give free rein to his imagination. He produced Shakespeare and Shaw

in settings never before dreamed of in the British settlement at Hong Kong. He did away with all the paste and cardboard stuff of convention; he was an expressionist. He says—

Obviously it is the duty of the producer to provide a setting that will suggest all this and be suitable for people to talk poetry in. He must try to express by his scenery something of the emotion which the dramatist expressed in his words. Things must seem to suggest more than is immediately apparent. One must be made to feel, on looking at the scene, as one feels in reading the play, that there is something more, though one cannot tell quite what, behind all this.

And this search for the inner meaning pervades all his work. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that Sinclair's work was all in the cause of art and charity—he netted more than £10,000 for the various war funds in the Colonies.

At length Sinclair felt that the time had come to seek a wider sphere. He said, when first I saw him: "I am back in England for good, and am seeking a group or a society of enthusiasts striving to raise the standard of plays and their production. Is there a centre or a community in the Old Country which is sufficiently interested to support a little theatre run on sound financial lines? The little-theatre movement is flourishing in America and Canada, and I should be glad to hear that there is some indication of similar work being undertaken here."

"If the slightest indication of interest and support is forthcoming, and if my services could be made use of, I should like to remain in the Old Country rather than work in the U.S.A., where there is plenty of scope for what I am seeking."

But all that London vouchsafed him was the admiration of connoisseurs, and a corner at Wembley!

They do things differently in the Dominions. When the famous Hart House Theatre—that great little Temple of Art in Toronto

attached to its 'Varsity—sought a successor to Bertram Forsyth, homeward bent and bound, the promoters, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, became acquainted with Sinclair's work, saw his great possibilities, and made a bid for his conquest. He showed me the flattering proposal that he should go over in the autumn and produce twelve plays—Shakespeare, Shaw, Pirandello,



THE DEAD MAN'S MISTRESS LEARNS THE NEWS: (L. TO R.) MISS EILEEN SHARP AS A MAID, MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY AS DAISY ODIHAM, AND MISS UNA O'CONNOR AS A COOK, IN "THE SHOW," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

a hearing. And every manager will agree that, among those "resting," there are enough actors and actresses to fill the demand of London ten times over and more. That surplus would form the nucleus of the permanent provincial theatres. So the material is there, and much may be expected from the stimulus to play-writing if the authors but saw a faint chance to obtain a hearing. The whole matter depends on some Mayor taking the cause energetically



THE LAW'S REPRESENTATIVE TELLS THE WIDOW'S LOVER TO OPEN A CASKET: (L. TO R.) MRS. MOLLY KERR AS ANNE MORECOMBE, MR. IAN HUNTER AS GEOFFREY DARREL, AND MR. LESLIE BANKS AS A DETECTIVE.

Barker—whatever he would choose—in one season. "Take it," I said; "you are young and can afford a year or two to perfect your art (if it were needed). Then London will wake up and widely open the gates at which you have been hammering."

So now he is packing his traps, and with him he takes a quiverful of English plays which he will produce, with all the ardour and ingenuity that is in him, *ad majorem gloriam* of the British drama.





[From an original drawing by CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.]

## Petroleum as a Weapon

Among the horrors of war in ancient times in Persia was the burning pitch which defenders hurled from the battlements upon their besiegers. No armour could keep it out. No shield was a sufficient protection against its penetrating flame. The artist has reconstructed the scene of a great assault upon the walls of an ancient citadel—the moving tower from which the attackers are trying to leap out upon the battlements, the roof of hides under which the battering-ram bursts its way into the foundations, the myriad flying arrows, the huge stones hurtling from the catapults, and, lighting it all and adding to its terrors, the flames of burning pitch.

Gone are the captains and the kings. Their citadels are crumbled to dust. But to-day, more than

ever in their ancient world, petroleum plays a commanding part both in war and peace. It has, in fact, become a vital necessity of security and progress. A great English oil-pioneer, William Knox D'Arcy, foresaw its importance and in 1901 obtained from the Shah of Persia the concession on which has been built up the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

It is from the wells of this Company that the crude oil is brought to Great Britain to be refined at Llandarcy, in South Wales, into "BP," the British Petrol. There is no better motor spirit made, and it is a British national asset secured and developed by the enterprise and foresight of British pioneers.

# "BP"

*The British Petrol*



# The World of Women

THE QUEEN is a great lover of drama, and looked absorbed in Maria Jeritza's intensely dramatic rendering of La Tosca in that opera. The King was also greatly interested, and the absolute silence in the packed house was extraordinary. The King and Queen have simple tastes in music, and have never cared for opera in the way that King Edward

has two brothers and one sister; he is in his twenty-third year, and was born on St. Patrick's Day. His fiancée is three months his senior.

Lady Karen Agar's engagement to Lieutenant Pretymann, late R.N., is what is called a nice one. Lady Karen, a good-looking, fair-haired, hazel-eyed girl, is the Earl and Countess of Normanton's fourth daughter, and shares her father's love for yachting. The second of her six sisters is the second wife of Mr. Peter Haig Thomas, and is one of Queen Alexandra's god-daughters. Lady Normanton is on her father's side a Byng, her father having been the fourth Earl of Strafford. Her mother was a daughter of Count Christian Danneskiold Samsøe. Her only sister, who was a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria, married at St. James's, Spanish Place, the Count de Mauny Talvande. Their son is a Lieutenant in our Navy, and they have one daughter, who is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra. Viscount Somerton, the bride-elect's only brother, had King Edward for his god-father. He is in his sixteenth year, and will be yachting with his father during Cowes Regatta week. Lord Normanton, an old member of the R.Y.S., has bought a new yacht.

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain chose their "at home" days on Tuesdays. The Foreign Minister's wife has been "at home," with only a short interval, since the beginning of the session. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain began after Ascot. Consequently, the Minister of Health's wife's gatherings are very full. So full are they that the buzz of conversation can be heard across the street, for all the windows are open. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain is a charming hostess, and delights to see that her guests meet and talk congenially. On her Tuesday of last week the American and Spanish Ambassadors with their wives

A well-tailored schappe blouse for the schoolgirl which is included in the sale at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. (See page 84.)

and Queen Alexandra did. The late King used to slip into the omnibus box (one subscribed for by men) and find listening to an act or two of an opera a real rest. Queen Alexandra, who cared little for the play, was a regular attendant at the opera. Queen Mary thoroughly enjoys a good play—a rare enough enjoyment in these days. For opera her Majesty's liking is much less pronounced. The King appreciates ballads and fine concerted music, and enjoys an amusing play.

Maria Jeritza attracted an audience reminiscent of the palmiest days of Grand Opera. One figure familiar then was again present — Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly, frequently an occupant of the omnibus box when he was Austrian Minister—or was it Ambassador? One forgets how things used to be before the great upheaval. He was, and is, a lover of England, and was broken-hearted over the break with this country, in which he has a very wide circle of devoted friends. The Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby were there. Both are music lovers, and Countess Torby is a skilled musician and used to sing beautifully. With them was their daughter, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, looking very handsome with her pretty mass of dark hair shingled and no ornament therein—as, indeed, it needed none. She was wearing a dress in tawny colours which suited her. The Duke and Duchess of Portland, who were there, are not such enthusiastic opera-goers. With them was Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, who is devoted to music and is a very clever pianist. The Countess Baillet de la Tour was also with the party. She is a close friend of the Duchess of Portland, who before the war visited her in Austria, as did the Duke. She is a fascinating-looking woman, and, like so many of her country people, very fond of music. Prince Dietrichstein, who was also in the brilliant audience at "La Tosca," is a member of the Mensdorff-Pouilly family, and his mother is a Princess Dolgorouky. He is a young man and unmarried. Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly is his uncle.

The engagement of Miss Mildred Cotterell, grand-daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, to Sir Terence Falkiner is an interesting one. The bride-elect's sisters are married to Life Guardsmen, one to Captain Christopher Leyland, eldest son of Mr. Christopher Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland; the other to Captain Adrian Bethell, son of Mr. William Bethell, of Rise Park. Sir John Cotterell, the bride-elect's father, was himself a Life Guardsman. Sir Terence Falkiner is in the Coldstream Guards, and is now on the Reserve of Officers. He is the eighth Baronet of a family of distinguished sailors and soldiers. His mother belongs to the family of which Lord Bolton is head; she is the daughter of the late Hon. Henry Orde-Powlett. The Baronetcy, an Irish one, dates from 1778. Sir Terence



Indispensable in holiday and term times are these useful schoolgirl outfits from Dickins and Jones. On the left is a green jap silk mackintosh, and on the right a knitted suit of fawn brushed wool. (See page 84.)

were present, also the Countess Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, wife of the Danish Minister, with a number of M.P.'s and a good sprinkling of members of the Upper House.

Lady Mary Cambridge, alone and unattended, went to Mrs. Austen Chamberlain's "at home" on Tuesday last week, and, like everyone else, was delighted with the freshness and originality of the decorations of the flat. Lady Lee of Fareham was there, and Lady Hylton, herself very artistic and very delighted with Mrs. Chamberlain's drawing-room, with its fresh pale green floors and walls, grey ceiling, and tawny orange curtains, the furniture chintz being lapis lazuli and sapphire-blue. The Hon. Mrs. Gideon Murray, another artistic lady, was also a great admirer of the decorations, and was dressed in fawn colour, with a dull rose-red scarf, and a hat like the dress in colour with some gilt ornaments in it. There were, of course, many other guests.

'Mid pleasures and palaces did all good Canadians and many British friends roam when the magnificent new Canadian Building had a house-warming on Dominion Day. It is a really fine and spacious interior, for which the Canadians present did not tire of telling each other every material came from Canada. The troopers of the Royal North-West Mounted Police looked like heroes of delightful Far West and North Canadian stories. The band of the Grenadier Guards played in the hall, and a Canadian concert was going on in the High Commissioner's own room—so large that he can quite conveniently lose himself in it. He and Mrs. Larkin were dignified to harmonise with their surroundings, and with them was their pretty daughter, Miss Aileen Larkin.

The dates for the Royal Garden Parties, the 21st and 24th, will bring these big affairs to the end of the season. The Friday before Goodwood has usually been considered the last day, and the second garden party will occupy the afternoon, while some hostess is sure to give a farewell dance. The Queen will accompany the King to Goodwood, and their Majesties will once more be the guests of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, with the beautiful and charming Duchess of Northumberland to act as hostess. From Goodwood their Majesties will board the *Victoria and Albert*, and on Aug. 1 proceed to Cowes, where the regatta week promises to be of exceptional interest.

A. E. L.

Every woman who cares for her complexion will rejoice to hear that during July and August Mrs. Adair, the well-known beauty expert of 92, New Bond Street, W., is allowing a fifteen per cent. reduction on any cash transaction relating to her famous treatments and beauty preparations. Such an opportunity should not be missed by the fastidious woman who wishes to keep a perfect complexion despite strenuous holiday activities.



Available at reduced prices during July are these practical wrap coats from Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W. The one on the left is built of Scotch wool cheviot, and that on the right of West of England suiting. (See page 84.)





## Six "Kodak" Snapshots

1. Joan, Billy and the boatman. . . . 2. The picnic tea on the sands. . . . 3. Doris clinging to the donkey's neck. . . . 4. The happy group dancing in the surf. . . . 5. Dad propped up against the breakwater asleep. . . . 6. The brown-sailed fishing boats racing for the harbour.

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## Fashions and Fancies.

**Bargains for the Schoolgirl.** Just now everyone is busily engaged in shopping at the sales. These afford an excellent opportunity of replenishing inexpensively schoolgirl outfits



A lovely christening robe of embroidered net trimmed with real filet lace, which is included in the sale of P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W.

for the holidays and coming term, and many useful items of the equipment are to be secured at bargain prices during the present sale at Dickins and Jones's, Regent Street, W. Sketched on page 82 are a notable trio which will perform yeoman service. On the left is a well-tailored overblouse in schappé Jap with a neat silk tie, available for 12s. 9d.; and on the right a reliable Jap silk mackintosh coat in emerald-green, priced at 25s. 9d. Then comes a knitted coat and

skirt in fawn brushed wool, costing 29s. 6d. A limited number of girls' knitted wool cardigans in stripes and plain colours are offered at 12s. 6d. each, sizes six to fourteen years; and zephyr tub frocks in gay checks can be secured for 7s. 6d., sizes 26 to 30 inches. For smaller brothers and sisters are equally splendid opportunities. Oddments in kiddies' knitted woollen coats, usually 21s. to 42s., are offered at 12s. 6d. each; and coloured cotton frocks, sizes 18 to 22 inches, are 5s. each.

### Special Prices during July.

Everyone in search of that indispensable item of the holiday wardrobe, a raincoat, should visit Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W., without delay, for their prices are specially reduced during this month. Pictured on page 82 are two practical wraps which are invaluable at the seaside and in the country. The one on the left, of West of England covert coating, can be secured for 69s. 6d., while 79s. 6d. is the price of the Scotch wool cheviot coat on the right. The "zephyr" for 29s. 6d. is a splendid waterproof, and featherweight silk mackintoshes can be secured for 49s. 6d. Wool cashmere waterproofs are £3 3s., and those of crêpe-de-Chine and satin have all been greatly reduced.

### Bargains in Baby Linen and Lace.

Lovers of beautiful laces will rejoice to hear that the well-known firm of P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W., are holding a summer sale which is now in progress. Included in it are the lovely christening robe and the tussore smock suit pictured here. The robe has been reduced to 55s., and the suit to 29s. 6d. Short-coated frocks, hand embroidered, can be secured from 8s. 6d. Then remnants of embroideries and laces are obtainable at greatly reduced prices, and cuffs and collars of Valenciennes lace range from 10s. 6d. to 25s. the set. Numbers of beautiful handkerchiefs are available from 3s. 6d. to 50s.

**A Sale at Jay's.** Every well-dressed woman will rejoice in the present opportunity of acquiring beautiful models from Jay's, Regent Street, W., at greatly reduced prices. Many lovely creations will be cleared at less than half price, including an original Paris model coat in brown Mongol crêpe-de-Chine collared with fur, reduced from 33 guineas to 16 guineas, and a travelling coat in beige check bordered with the plain material marked at 12 guineas instead of 25 guineas. For Goodwood and

the fashionable *plages* are several fascinating wraps offered at 12 guineas each. Bargains in gloves can also be secured at tempting prices.

### A Sale of Irish Linens.

The July sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Donegall Place, Belfast, affords endless opportunities of replenishing the linen cupboard for a pleasantly moderate outlay. This firm's famous linens have all been greatly reduced, in some cases as much as 27½ per cent. An illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on request. There are special bargains in Irish linen sheets made for hard wear from carefully selected yarns, offered at 46s. per pair single-bed size, and at 58s. 3d. per pair double-bed size. Linen pillow-cases to match are 47s. 6d. per dozen. There is also a splendid selection of table-cloths, bedspreads, etc.



A useful smock suit of tussore embroidered in colours; at P. Steinmann and Co.'s, 185, Piccadilly, W.

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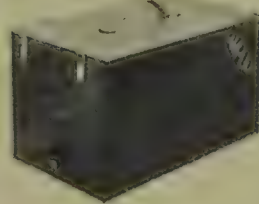
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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## A MUSICAL CRITIC'S HOLIDAY.

THERE is no critic in the world of literature in England to-day who occupies so proud a position as Mr. Ernest Newman does in the musical world. Everybody respects his opinion, because it is the opinion of one who is both a scholar and a man of catholic musical sensibility. To be the latter is to stand out from the ruck of practising musical critics, most of whom have even less musical instinct than knowledge. As a matter of fact, knowledge is fairly easy to obtain. Any dullard can pick it up for the asking in these days of free libraries and State education, broadcasting, and the gramophone. But sensibility, even of a limited kind, sensibility in its rudimentary form of a musical ear sensitive to pitch and to purity of intonation, is by no means common. If it were there would not be so many popular singers who cannot sing in tune, so many well-known violinists whose playing resembles that of a cat making love. Nor would we—I mean now we professional critics, my brothers of the pen—be able to endure so light-heartedly the incapacity of our famous orchestras to play in concert. The day I hear at the Queen's Hall the strings play a whole movement of a Bach concerto or a Mozart symphony in physical agreement (as though, instead of ten first violins, there was but one, etc.) I shall drop dead in my seat. But that is only the beginning of the matter. When we come to the finer, more complex areas of sensibility—the power of discrimination necessary to separate a good from a bad tune—we find the hosts of our music-lovers immediately decimated. It is a case of "Saul he has slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." By making this simple demand

of our "musical" audience we have at once thinned the ranks to such a degree that there seems hardly anybody but Mr. Ernest Newman, Lord Berners, Mr. Cecil Gray, and a few amateurs left. Of course, this is merely an impression from my own personal experience. No doubt, there are hundreds, perhaps even a few thousands, of amateurs in this country

of sensibility in all these provinces of the world of feeling?

Yet if we are to judge with any certainty the work of new composers we must be equipped with this all-round sensibility, or obviously we are always in danger of meeting with a composer whose province is exactly that one to which we are partly or completely deaf. If we do meet such a composer we are, of course, going to see nothing in him but his defects. Of his one great virtue—that virtue which, if possessed in excess, is going to make him a prophet, a pioneer, a man opening up a new country—we shall be entirely unaware, and we shall not know it. This is the situation in which many honest and intelligent men have been placed in the past, and it is what explains their extraordinary obtuseness (in the light of our greater knowledge) before contemporaries whom they abused, but who have turned out to be great masters. It is easy for us who follow, having had our eyes opened by those critics who were not blind and who have pointed out to us beauties we might never have discovered if left to ourselves. Here is the true function of criticism, to my mind. The criticism which points out the defects in a work of art may benefit the artist (although this is extremely doubtful, and I should like to hear Mr. Newman's opinion on this matter), but it does nothing for the audience beyond telling them not to waste their time on the subject of the criticism—an extremely doubtful

service, since the critic may be wrong. But the critic who discovers to us the virtues of a work of art is the best public servant, provided that his standards are high enough.

But it is just here that we are in danger again, for the combination of enthusiasm with discernment is exceedingly rare, and that is why most of the

[Continued on page 92.]



UNVEILED BY ONE OF THE BEREAVED MOTHERS WHO MOURN THE HEROES IT COMMEMORATES: THE FINE WAR MEMORIAL AT LEICESTER.—[Photo. L.N.A.]

who have this degree of perception. One hopes so, at any rate. But immediately one goes still further and enters the regions of imagination—of the sublime, the fantastic, the satirical, the humorous, the ironic, the dramatic, the lyrical, the gay, and the pathetic—we must ask ourselves in despair where are we going to find a critic who unites in himself a high degree

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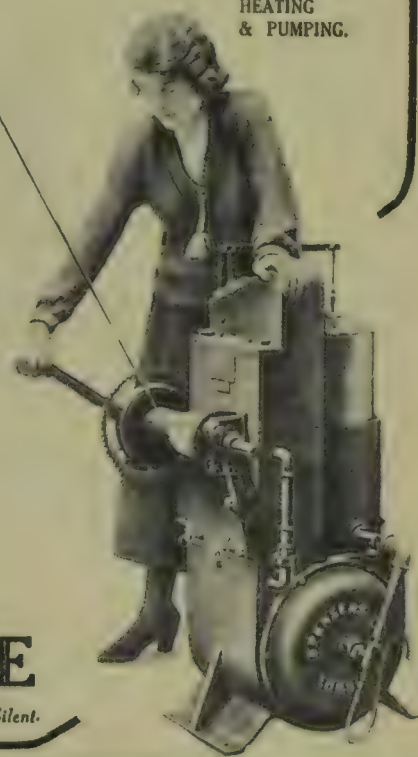
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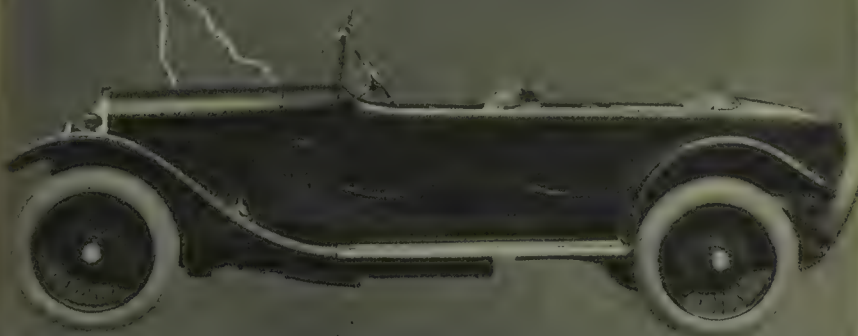
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Traffic  
Congestion  
in London.

In spite of the constitution of the new London Traffic Board, or whatever its official style and title may be, the state of congestion into which the traffic is falling is worse than ever. The insensate multiplication of the bus traffic is the main cause of the trouble. A main street in London now presents the appearance of a red wall slowly moving down the centre. If these multitudinous buses served any public purpose there would be no particular ground for complaint, and one would accept their presence on the streets as a part of the conditions of modern existence; but, whatever their measure of utility during the "rush" hours, there is neither rhyme nor reason in the spectacle one can witness any day in Oxford Street, the Strand, or any other busy main thoroughfare, of a procession of motor-buses dragging its slow length along, each unit occupied by no more than two or three passengers.

It is in this direction that the new traffic authority should apply the pruning knife by drastically reducing the numbers of these cumbersome vehicles which obstruct the streets during the business hours of the day, and by limiting their numbers to those actually needed by observation of the passenger traffic they carry. The waste of time entailed upon people with serious business affairs to attend to is simply wicked. As an example, a few days ago I wanted to make a call in Acton Vale, and with that intent left Holborn Circus exactly at noon. By a quarter to one I had actually got as far as the Marble Arch, and had no alternative but to turn back through Hyde Park, since it was too late to fit in my projected call. All the traffic delay was due to the enormous numbers of practically empty buses, plus the delays caused by roads "up." I have come to the conclusion that it is quicker to get about town on foot than by car.

Then, cannot the traffic authority interfere to prevent such utterly futile proceedings as those which are congesting the traffic in the Strand? For many weeks Waterloo Bridge has been closed to wheeled traffic. On Sunday week it was reopened, and the very next morning gangs of men proceeded to tear up the roadway at the corner of the Strand, so that there is but half the width of the carriage-way to accommodate the whole traffic stream. There seems to be absolutely no method in the way these things are done, unless the idea of a friend of mine is correct—that there are set rules for this sort of thing, No. 1 of which is

that no road which has been laid more than six weeks is to be torn up, and that no two authorities are to carry out works concurrently. No. 2



IN A CAR AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL FOR THE FOURTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION IN THE RECENT RUN FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH: MR. A. PROCTER CROSSING FLEET MOSS IN HIS WOLSELEY "FIFTEEN."

authority is bound by the rules of the game to wait until No. 1 has completed its work and relaid the roadway. I wonder!

"Number One" A very familiar sight is that of a roadside petrol pump bearing the legend that "No. 1" is to be bought at several pence per gallon below the price charged for the branded spirits. I have once or twice tried this cheap petrol, and am bound to say that in every case but one I found it quite good stuff—not to be differentiated from any of the known brands. In one case, however, I really did find trouble, for more noxious stuff was surely never put into a fuel-tank. There is a moral to this, which is that the brand is an insurance against the sort of experience I have mentioned, and that the aforesaid brand is worth the extra money one has to pay for it. After all, if a dealer is selling good petrol, there does not seem to be any logical reason why it should not bear a definite name.

[Continued overleaf.]



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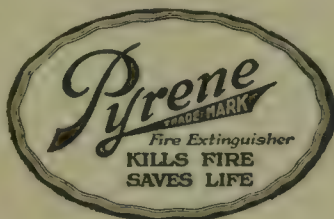


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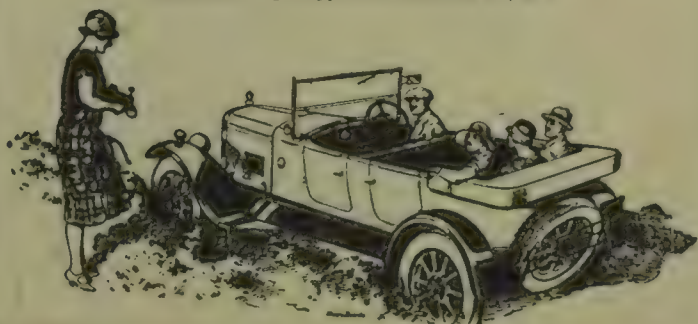
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*Continued.]*

For instance, there is, apart from the better-known brands, a cheaper grade known as "Blue Bird." This is marketed by a known firm, who believe their spirit

equally convincing win in the race for the Grand Prix d'Europe, in which it secured first and second places.

#### Sunbeam Victory in Twenty-four Hours Race.

The new three-litre model Sunbeam scored a notable success in the twenty-four hours race over the Sarthe course in France on Sunday. Driven by Chassagne and Davies, it covered 1350 miles within the round of the clock, and thus qualified for the second year's race for the second Biennial Cup. The Sunbeam ran with impressive consistency throughout the exacting contest, thus again demonstrating the excellence of Sunbeam design and workmanship, and proving the wonderful capabilities of this super-sports touring car.

#### Royal Cars and C.A.V. Anti-Dazzle.

Following upon the widespread interest in the recent "Anti-Dazzle" tests conducted by the R.A.C. in Richmond Park, it is significant to note that Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., have had the honour to instal their device to the lamps of three of the new 57-h.p. Daimler cars recently added to his Majesty's fleet.

#### Aviation's Millionth Milestone.

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#### Fiat Price Policy.

It is common knowledge that the Fiat Works are the largest in the Western Hemisphere, and the vast resources of the company permit the prices

ruling prior to July 1 to be maintained until further notice. This is a matter for gratification to all intending purchasers of these fine cars, at a time when few people have more money than they need.  
W. W.



AFTER LEEDS UNIVERSITY HAD CONFERRED UPON HER THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAW: PRINCESS MARY WALKING IN PROCESSION.

*Photograph by the Topical Press.*

to be good and who are not afraid to put their name to it. I for one should not hesitate to buy it, but I certainly shall not be content with the very nebulous brand of "No. 1," which is quite meaningless.

#### The Grand Prix d'Europe.

What a wonderful racing car the Alfa-Romeo must be! Last year it jumped from being a very little-known car to being the most convincing winner of the Grand Prix we have seen this many a year, defeating with ease the best that could be brought against it by world-famous constructors. That this was not a mere freak victory is evidenced by its



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND THE EMPIRE'S BABIES: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT A NEW MOTHERCRAFT HEADQUARTERS.

A new headquarters of the Mothercraft Training Society was opened on Friday last at Cromwell House, Highgate, by the Duchess of York. Her Royal Highness is here seen on Sunshine Balcony, with Little Robert.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 86.)

critics who praise consistently praise the wrong thing. So we are driven to the conclusion Mr. Ernest Newman reaches in his delightful book, "A Musical Critic's Holiday" (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), that the best criticism deals with the past. It takes far more critical acumen, far more originality and power of mind, to say something new and revealing on the subject of Bach or Mozart or Beethoven or Palestrina or Purcell or Schubert or Brahms or Wagner, than on the latest contemporary name.

But I must join issue with Mr. Newman on one point. The argument of his book is that the great musicians of the past have been adequately recognised in their own day, both by the public and the critics. Of course, we might argue at cross-purposes here unless we could agree as to what amount of recognition might be termed adequate. But, going behind that to the general principle which I have already outlined—namely, that the capacity to recognise greatness immediately, depending as it does upon the possession in the auditor of the same qualities, cannot but be rare, or else the great artist would not be rare, since he is rare by virtue of those qualities and the power to express them—I think Mr. Newman's contention is contrary to common-sense as it is contrary to tradition. Someone has well said that every great artist has got to teach his audience to hear and see as he hears and sees before they can understand his work. It is, to some extent, a question of practice, of development of unused faculties. We all know that the greatest artists are not those who win the greatest immediate applause. If Mr. Newman chooses to deny that, he is choosing to fly in the face of all experience, his own included. Mr. Newman would no doubt admit that Elgar's "Enigma" variations is a finer work than his "Land of Hope and Glory." Which is the more popular?

But one could give thousands of such examples in every art and at every period. The universal instinct that the great artist is a "seer" cannot be,

and in my opinion certainly is not, wrong. But how can one be a "seer" if one only sees what everybody else sees? And how, if one sees what other people do not see, can one expect immediate recognition?



BY BERNHARD OSTERMAN: "H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN."

This fine portrait was one of those shown by Mr. Bernhard Osterman, at Gieve's Gallery, Old Bond Street. The Swedish Minister, Baron Palmstierna, opened the exhibition, which closed on the 10th.

There is no way out of this dilemma. Either the great artist is a real seer or he is merely the incarnation of the greatest possible number of platitudes.

If he were the latter one would expect him to be universally popular; and, of course, every age has had its artists in all the art mediums who have been the idols of the populace merely because they were the populace incarnate. That is to say, instead of having the tastes and qualities of Mr. Smith only, they had also the tastes and qualities of Mr. Jones and of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Brown. If they were musicians they would have the tastes of almost everybody but Mr. Ernest Newman himself and a few other discriminating minds.

But I suspect that Mr. Ernest Newman has written this book in the genial, tolerant mood of a holiday-maker. It was a delightfully quiet piece of irony that led him to choose that title for this divagation from the hard and narrow way of arduous thought. "A Musical Critic's Holiday." That is to say: "Now I am writing with my tongue in my cheek, but all the amiable journalists of my native country will be so flattered at the splendid apology I have made for my rude remarks in the past, and especially for the wholesale throwing of laudatory bouquets at musical critics in which I am here indulging, that they will take me seriously and not notice that I am pulling their legs hard."

Well, Mr. Ernest Newman is entitled to his little joke. No one has battled harder in the cause of music to-day than he has. No one has stood so firmly four-square upon the patch of his own sensibility and delivered honest judgment therefrom. But I am glad that Mr. Newman gave the intelligent reader that little hint in the choice of his title, for, otherwise, we might have been fearfully upset at his remarks upon the introduction to Mozart's C major Quartet. Here Mr. Newman temporarily joins the ranks of those who think that introduction aesthetically unsatisfactory. Fie, Mr. Newman! you ought to be ashamed of yourself for daring to pull our legs in this outrageous fashion. Or is it a genuine aberration of judgment? There will have to be an Inquisition to make you recant. W. J. TURNER.

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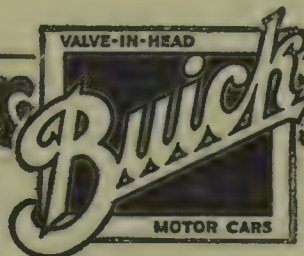
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### MR. GALSWORTHY'S "SHOW," AT ST. MARTIN'S.

THE humanitarianism of Mr. Galsworthy rather than his craft is in the ascendant in his new play, "The Show." He tilts at the law and publicity generally, and asks for our indignation and pity over the spectacle of various persons' privacy being disturbed and their secrets exposed and their nerves racked by police and Press inquisition. Presupposing a case of suicide, he would have us conceive the proceedings anterior to and at a coroner's inquest to be torture for all those intimately connected with the dead man; and, in order to get such an effect of torture, he pictures for us an English detective who acts as if he were in America and altogether goes beyond the range of his duties. The dead man had had a mistress; his wife had had a lover; but neither mistress nor lover was concerned with the death, and the detective himself admits that it was a matter of suicide; but because he cannot find a letter of the suicide, posted before his death, he bullies the women, has the lover's room searched, and insists on going

through his pockets. The playwright therefore so completely outrages our sense of probability as to cripple our sense of pity. Miss Haidee Wright wins our tears for the stern matron who is so anxious no

slur shall be cast on her dead son's name. Miss Molly Kerr's emotion is shown so naturally that we almost forget that the wife has gained freedom by what has happened and should think her brief ordeal worth

the price. Miss Hermione Baddeley gives the incredible mistress' disturbing moments of hysteria. Mr. Leslie Banks has the "fattest" of parts to play as detective and, of course, it is not his affair that the character he represents behaves outrageously. No, it is Mr. Galsworthy's fault, and for once we refuse to succumb to his spell, to be harrowed on insufficient grounds.

### "THE GORILLA," AT THE NEW OXFORD.

Can you burlesque the American crime or mystery play? Can you make fun of what are nightmares in themselves? It might have seemed not. But Mr. Ralph Spence has done the trick in "The Gorilla," for here you get all the thrills and shudders of a "Bat" mixed up with the maddest and most screaming humour. Almost throughout the action the stage is in darkness; there are pistol shots constantly heard, a gorilla escapes, there is a panel in a wall and a dead body behind it, there are wild scramble

of detectives after criminals. All the paraphernalia of the "shocker" is here in fact, and yet it is all parodied and turned to fun. The mixture cannot be described, it must be seen—and laughed at. The whole cast at the New Oxford works heroically, but it is only fair to make special mention of Mr. Harry O'Neal and Mr. Lew Kelly as the comic detectives.

### "THE GENTLEMAN IN WAITING," AT THE COMEDY.

The novelist who figures prominently in Mr. Harrison Owen's play, "The Gentleman in Waiting," was not a hero in his own home. His wife had ceased to live with him because he was a philanderer. In revenge she wrote a novel which was marvellously successful and he wrote to this "Zora Grey" asking her to his rooms without knowing her identity. A lady came, but it was her secretary, anxious to live out for herself such a romance as she had taken down from dictation. She longed to fall into his arms, but her courage was not enough for the situation, and on the scene arrived his wife, the genuine "Zora Grey," who forgave the philanderer. Mr. Eric Blore, Miss Jane Wood, and Miss Olwen Roose are concerned in this not too exhilarating affair.

### "THE NEW MORALITY," AT THE KINGSWAY.

Harold Chapin's little gem of comedy, "The New Morality," has been revived at the Kingsway. Its gayest scene, it will be remembered, is that in which the husband of an insulted lady calling on the lady who has insulted her for an apology, stays so long at table and drinks so freely that he is led into the quaintest of disquisitions on what women will endure from men and what they will not endure. This scene goes as well as ever, with Mr. Wallace as the part of the bibulous and Miss Gwen Ffrangegh one more to her triumph in the rôle of the naïf.

### "BUBBLY," AT THE DU

Reviving a war-time risky business, but they proved a success at the in the case of Mr. H. piece, "Bubbly." It is a wonderfully strong assembled together are Gwenn, Mr. Reginald B. Cowie, Miss Nellie Bow, Teddie Gerard, and all. The military sketch in w and Mr. Bach take part fun, and Miss Cowie sh sense of parody in her three famous actresses.



WELSH BARDS CARRY OUT THEIR PICTURESQUE CEREMONIES AT SWANSEA:  
THE HORN PRESENTED TO THE ARCH-DRUID.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod was observed last week in the beautiful grounds of Singleton Park, Swansea, where the customary proclamation took place amidst popular acclamation.—[Photograph by Topical.]



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